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THE  
Second Part of,

If you know not me, you  
*know no bodie.*

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VVith the building of the Royall  
EXCHANGE:

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And the famous Victorie of Queene Elizabeth,  
in the Yeare 1588.

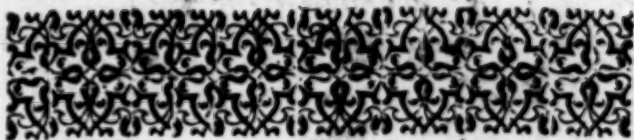
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AT LONDON,  
Printed for Nathaniell Butter.  
1606.





# The second Part of

If you know not mee, you  
*know no bodie:*

With the building of the Exchange.

## Actus Prima. Scena Prima.

*Enter one of Greshams Factors and a Barbary Marchant,*

*Factor.*



Y Master sir, requests your companie,  
About confirming certaine couenants  
Touching your last nights conference.

*Marchant.* The Sugars.

Beleeue me, to his credite be it spoke,  
Hee is a man of heedfull prouidence,

And one that by innatiue courtesie

VVinnes loue from Strangers, be it without offence,  
How are his present fortunes reckoned?

*Fact.* Neither to flatter nor detract from him,

He is a Marchant of good estimate,

Care how to get, and fore-cast to encrease,

(If so they be accounted) be his faults.

*Mar.* They are especiall vertues, being cleare  
From auarice and base extortion.

But here he comes: Good day, to M. Gresham,

You keepe your word.

A 3

*Enter*

*If you know not me,*

*Enter Gresham.*

*Gresh.* Else should I ill deserve  
The title that I weare, a Marchants tongue  
Should not strike false.

*Mar.* What thinke you of my proffer,  
*Touching the Sugar?*

*Gresh.* I bet thought my selfe  
Both of the gaine and losses incident,  
And this I take was the whole circumstance:  
It was my mission and I thinke your promise,  
To get me a seald Patent from your king  
For all your Barbarie Sugar at a price,  
During the kings life; and for his princely loue,  
I am to send him threescore thousand pounds.

*Mar.* T'was so condition'd, and to that effect  
His highnesse promise is already past,  
And if you dare giue credite to my trust,  
Send but your priuate letters to your Factor,  
That deales for your affaires in Barbarie,  
His Maiestie shall either seale your Patent,  
Or ile returne the money to your Factor.

*Gresh.* As much as I desire; pray sir draw neere  
And taste a cup of wine, whilst I consider  
And throughly scan such accidentall doubts,  
As may concerne a matter of such moment.

*Mar.* At your best Ioyfull.

*Gresh.* Ile resolve you straight.  
Bethinke thee *Gresham*, threescore thousand pounds  
A good round summe: let not the hope of gaine  
Draw thee to losse. I am to haue a Patent  
For all the Barbarie Sugars at a rate,  
The gaine cleers halfe in halfe, but then the hazard:  
My terme continues during the kings life,  
The King may die before my first returne,  
Then wheres my Cash? why, so the King may liue  
These 40. yeares, then where is *Greshams* gaine:  
It stands in this as in all ventures elie  
Doutfull, no more, ile through what ere it cost.



*you know no bodie.*

So much cleere gaine, or so much coyne cleere lost.  
Within there ho. *Enter Iohn Gresham, 2. or 3. Fallows.*

*Fall.* At hand sir, did you call?

*Gresh.* How thrives our Cash? what is it wel increas'd?  
I speake like one that must be forst to borrow.

*1. Fall.* Your worships merrie.

*Gresh.* Merrie, tell me knaue,  
Dost not thou think that three score thousand pounds,  
Would make an honest Marchant try his friends?

*Fall.* Yes, by my faith sir, but you have a friend  
Would not see you stand out for twise the summe.

*Gresh.* Praise God for all, but what's the common rumour  
Touching my bargain with the King of Barbarie?

*1. Fall.* Tis held your credit, and your Countries honour,  
That being but a Marchant of the Cittie,  
And taken in a manner vntrouled,  
You should vpon a meere presumption  
And naked promise, part with so much Cash,  
VWhich the best Marchants both in Spaine and France,  
Denied to venter on.

*Gresh.* Good: but withall,  
what doe they thinke in generall of the Bargaine?

*1. Fall.* That if the King confirme and seale your Pattenr,  
London will yeelde you partners ynow.

*Gresh.* I thinke no lesse: Goe fit you for the sea,  
I meane to send you into Barbarie:

You vnto Venice, You to Portingall,  
Provide you presently: where much is spent,  
Some must be got, thrift should be prouident:

Come hether Cofin, all the rest depart. *Exeunt Fallows.*

*Iohn.* I had as good depart too, for heele ring a peale in mine  
T'will sound worse then a passing bell. *(carr.)*

*Gresh.* I haue tane note of your bad husbandrie,  
Carelesse respect, and prodigall expence,  
And out of my experience counsell you.

*Iohn.* And I hope good Vncle, you thinke, I am as readie to  
take good counsell, as you to giue it. & I doubt not, but to cleere  
my selfe of all obiections that soule-mouthed envie shall inti-  
mate against me.

*If you know not me.*

*Gref.* How can you satisfie the great complaint  
Preferd against you by old Mistresse *Blunt*.

A woman of approued honestie.

*John.* That's true, her honestie hath beene prooued oft  
then once or twice: but doe you know her Vncle? are you in-  
ward with her course of life, shee's a common midwife for trade-  
falne virginities, there are more maidenheads charge and dis-  
charge in her house in a yeare, then peeces at the Artillerie  
yard.

*Gref.* She bring sin further prooffe, that you misca'd her.

*John.* In her cal'd her out of name, by this hand Vncle, to  
my remembrance:

*Gref.* No: she sayes you cal'd her Bawde.

*John.* True; and I haue known her answere too't a thousand  
times; tut Vncle tis her name, and I know who gaue it her too,  
by the same token her Godfather gaue her a bowd angell stan-  
ding at the doore which she hath kept time out a minde.

*Gref.* *Annus* reports you loue his wife.

*John.* Loue, why alas, Vncle, I hold it percell of my dutie to  
loue my neighbours, and should I hate his wife, no man would  
hold me a fit member for a common wealth.

*Gref.* He hates you fort.

*John.* Why, alas Vncle, that's not my fault, he loue him nere-  
theless, you know we are commanded to loue our enemies, and  
though he would see me hang'd, yet will I loue his wife.

*Gref.* He told me, you bestow'd a gowne of a strumpet.

*John.* Why, alas Vncle, the poore whore went naked, and  
you know the text commandes vs to cloath the naked, and  
deeds of mercie be imputed to vs for faults, God helpe the elect.

*Gref.* Well, if your prodigall expences be aym'd  
At any vertuous and religious end,  
Tis the more tollerable, and I am proud  
You can so probably excuse your selfe.

*John.* VVell Vncle to approue my wordes, as indeed good  
words without deeds are like your greene fig-tree without fruit.  
I haue sworne my selfe to a more conformable and strikt course  
of life.

*Gref.* VVell Cousin, hoping youle prooue a new man.

*John.*

*you know no bodie.*

*John.* A new man, what else Vncle, Ile be a newe man from the top to toe, or ile want of my will: Instead of Tennis-Court, my morning Exercise shalbe at Saint *Anthons*: ile leave Ordinaries, and to the ende I may forswear Dicing and Drabbing, keepe me more short Vncle, onely allow me good apparell, good Ragges ile stand too't are better then seuen yeares prentiship; for theyle make a man free of any, nay of all Companies without Indenture, Fathers coppie, or any help whatsoever, but I see my error, wilde Youth must be bridled, keepe mee short good Vncle.

*Gresh.* On these presumptions, I apparel thee,  
And to confirme this resolution,  
I will preferre you vnto Master *Hobson*,  
A man of a well knowne discretion.

*John.* Any thing good Vncle, I haue seru'd my prentiship already, but binde me againe and I shall be content, and tis but reason neither, send me to the Conduit with the water-tankard, ile beate Linnen, Bucks, or any thing to redeeme my negligence.

*Gresh.* Your education challenge more respect.  
The Factor dealt for him in France, is dead.

*John.* And you intend to send me in his roomes,

*Gresh.* I doe indeede.

*John.* It is well done Vncle, and t'will not bee amisse in policie to doe so: the onely way to curbe a dissolute youth as I am, is to send him from his acquaintance, and therefore send mee farre inough good Vncle, send mee into France and spare not, and if that reclaime me not, giue me ore as one past all goodnes.

*Gresh.* Now afore God my thoughts were much against him,  
A . I my intent was to haue chid him roundly,  
But his submissiue recantation.

Hath made me friends with him, Come follow me,  
Ile doe thee good, and that immediately.

*Exit.*

*John.* Thanke you good Vncle, youle send mee into France, all *Forboone* and I doe not shew you the right trickes of a Cosin afore I leave England, ile giue you leaue to call me Cut, and cōsen me of my patrimonie as you haue done.

*Exit.*

*Enter Hobsons prentises and a boy.*

*1. Prent.* Prethee fellow *Goodman*, set forth the ware, and  
looke

*If you know not me,*

looke to the shop a little, Ile but drinke a cuppe of wine wth a Customer at the Rose and Crowne in the Poultrie, and come againe presently.

2.*Prin.* Foote I cannot, I must needes step to the Dagger in Cheape to send a Letter into the Countrie vnto my father, stand by, you are the yougest prentise, looke you to the shop.

*Enter Hobson.*

VWhere be these varlets, bones a me, at Tauerne? Knaues, villaines, spend goods, foote my Customers Must either serue themselves, or packe vnseru'd. Now they peepe like Italian pantelownes Behind an Arras, but ile start you knaues, I haue a shooing-horne to draw on your liquor, What say you to a peece of a salt Eele? Come forth you hangdogs, bones a me the knaues Fleere in my face, they know me to too well, I talke and prate, and lay't not on their iackes, And the proud iackes care not a figge for me: But bones a me, ile turne another leafe. Where haue you beene sir?

1.*Prin.* An honest Customer Requested me, to drinke a pint of wine.

*Hob.* Bones a me, must your crimson throat Be scowr'd with wine? your master's glad of beere: But youle die banquerouts, knaues, and banquerouts all, And where haue you beene?

2.*Prin.* At breakfast with a Dagger pie sir.

*Hob.* A Dagger Piel vd's daggers death, these knaues Set cocke a hope, but *Hobson* payes for all. But bones a me, knaues either mend your manners, Leau Alehouses, tauernes, and the tipling mates, Your Punks, and cocatrices, or ile clappe ye Close vp in Bridewell, bones of me ile doo't,

3.*Prin.* Beseech you sir, pardon this first offence.

*Hob.* First, bones a God, why tis your common course, And you must needes be gussling, goe by turnes, One to the Alehouse, and two keepe the shop.

*Enter*

*you know no body.*

*Enter Pedlar with Tunnis-coats.*

*3. Pren.* It shall be done sir, how much ware would you haue?

*Ped.* Five pounds worth in such Commodities,  
as I bespoke last night.

*1. Pren.* They are readie sorted.

*Taw.* God blesse you *M. Hobson.*

*Hob.* Bones a god, knaue, th'art welcome what's the newes  
At bawdie *Barnwell*, and at *Sturbridge Fayre*?

What haue your London wenches any trading?

*Taw.* After the old sort sir, they visite the Toulebooth, and the  
Bulring still. (emptie)

*Hob.* Good girles, they doe their kinde, what your packes  
Good newes, a signe you bring your purses full,  
And bones a God, full purses must be welcome:  
Sort out their wares: welcome's your due:

Pay the old debt, and penne and incke for newe.

*Taw.* VVe haue for you sir, as white as Beares teeth.

*Hob.* Bones a god, knaues you are welcome, but what newes?  
VWhat newes i'the Countrey? what Commodities  
Are most respected with your countrie Girles?

*Taw.* Faith sir, our Countrey girles are a kin to your London  
Courtiers, euery month sicke of a new fashion, the horning buske  
and filken bridelaces are in good request with the Parsons wife,  
your huge poking sticke, and french perewig, with Chamber-  
maidens, and waiting-gentlewomen, now your Puritans poker is  
not so huge, but somewhat longer, a long slender poking sticke  
is the all in all with your Suffolke Puritane, your silkband, halfe  
farthingales, and chargeable Fore-parts are common, not a  
wench of thirteene but weares a changeable forepart.

*Hob.* An ancient wearing: ther's some changeable stuffe  
Has beene a weare with women, time out of minde.

*Taw.* Besides sir, many of our yong married men, haue ran  
an order to weare yellow Garters, Points, & Shootyings, and tis  
thought, yellow will grow a custome.

*Hob.* T'as beene vsde long at London.

*Taw.* And tis thought t'will come in request in the Countrey

*If you know not me,*

too, 'tis a fashion, that three or foure yong wenchs haue promised me their husbands shall weare, or theyle misse of their markes: then your maske, silke-lace, wash't Gloues, carnation girdles, and buske-point suitable, as common as Coales from *New-castle*, you shall not haue a Kitchin-maide scrape trenchers without her wash't Gloues, a Daric-wench will not ride to market to sell her Butter-milke, without her maske and her buske.

*Hob.* Still a good hearing, let the countrey pay Well for their pride, tis *gratis* here at London, And that's the cause tis growne so generall: But feede their humours, and do not spare, Bring Countrey-money for our London ware.

*Enter Gresham, and Iohn Gresham.*

*Gresh.* Where's *M. Hobson*, cry you mercie sir.

*Hob.* No harme good *M. Gresham*, pray draw neerer He but dispatch a fewe olde Customers, And bend a present eare to your discourse.

*Gresh.* At your best leysure.

*Hob.* Nay my taske is done:

O *M. Gresham* 'twas a golden world When we were Boyes, an honest Countrey-yeoman, Such as our fathers were, God rest their soules VVould were white Karsie: bones a me you knaues, Stooles for these Gentlemen, your worships welcome.

*Gresh.* You know my businesse.

*Hob.* About your kinsman, He shall be welcome: beseech you Gentlemen Lesse of your curtesie: when shall we see the Youth?

*Gresh.* VVhy this is he.

*Hob.* VVhich, bones a me man, which?

*Gresh.* VVhy this.

*Hob.* VVhich, where, what this yong gentleman? Bones a me man, hee's not for *Hobsons* turne. He lookes more like my Master then my seruant.

*Gresh.* I must confesse he is a Gentleman, And my neere kinsman: were he myne owne childe, His seruice should be yours.

*you know no body.*

*Hob.* I thanke you for't,  
And for your sake ile giue him entertainment  
But Gentleman if you become my man,  
You must become more ciuile: bones a me,  
VVhat a curld pate is here? I must ha'te off,  
You see my Liuerie, *Hobfours* men are knowne  
By their Freeze Coates: and you will dwell with me;  
You must be plaine, and leaue of brauerie.

*Iohn.* I hope sir to put on such ciuill conformitie, as you shall  
not repent my entertainment.

*Hob.* Pray God it prooue so.

*Gresh.* If he doe respect  
an Vncles loue, let him be diligent.

*Hob.* well, *M. Gresham*, partly for your loue,  
And chiefly to supply my present want,  
Because you say your kinsman is well scene  
Both in languages and factorship,  
I doe intend to send him into France,  
In trust both with my Marchandzies and my Cash.

*Iohn.* And if I take not order to cashier that and my selfe  
too, a pox of all French-farthingsales.

*Gresh.* How stand you minded to your Masters motion?

*Iohn.* Somewhat vnwilling to leaue my acquaintance, but  
good Vncle, I know you send me out of loue, and I hope t'will  
be a meanes to call me home the sooner.

*Gresh.* Pray God it may.

*Iohn.* Ile want of my will else, Ile play a Marchants part with  
you, ile take vp french Commodities, v. luet kirtles, and taffery  
fore-parts; ile ha that I go for, or ile make halfe the hot-houses  
in *Diaps* smoake for this trick.

*Hob.* VVhat are your bookes made euen with your accounts?

*1. Prem.* I haue compar'd our wares with our receipt,  
And find sir, ten poundes difference.

*Hob.* Bones a me knaue,  
Ten pounds in a morning: heer's the fruit  
Of Dagger Pyes, and Alehouse-gullings;  
Make euen your Reckonings, or Gods mother knaues;  
You shall all smart for't.



*If you know not me,*

*1.* Harke you fellow *Goodman*,  
Who rooke the ten pound of the countrie Chapman  
That told my master the newe fashions?

*1.* Fore God not I.

*3.* Not I.

*Hob.* Bones a me, knaues,  
I haue pay'd soundly for my Countrey newes:  
What was his name?

*1.* Now afore God, I know not.

*2.* I neuer saw him in the shoppe till now.

*Hob.* Now bones a me, what carlesse Knaues keepe I,  
Giue me the booke, what habire did he were?

*1.* As I remember me, a saunie coate.

*Hob.* Art sure: then set him downe *Iohn Tarnie-coate*.

*1.* Ten pound in trust vnto *Iohn Tarnie-coate*.

*Hob.* Bones a God man, these knaues will begger me.

*Gresh.* Birladie sir, ten pounds is too much to loose,  
But ten times ten pound cannot shake your credite.

*Hob.* Thanke God for all: when I came first to towne,  
It would haue shooke me shrewdly: but *Mr. Gresham*,  
How stands your difference with Sir *Thomas Ramsay*?  
Are you made friends yet?

*Gresh.* He is so obstinate,  
That neither *Suries*, nor *Commissions*,  
Nor the intreaties of his nextest friends,  
Can sleepe him vnto composition.

*Hob.* Tis passing strange: were *Hobson* in your coate,  
Ere I'de consume a pennie amongst Lawyers,  
I'de giue poore people, bones a me I wold.

*Gresh.* A good resolue: but sir *Thomas Ramsay*'s mind  
Is of another temper, and ere *Gresham*  
Vvill giue away a tittle of his right,  
The Law shall begger me.

*Hob.* Bones a me, man, twill doe that quickly.

*Gresh.* To preuent which course,  
The Lady *Ramsay* hath by earnest sute,  
Procured the reuerent Preacher Doctour *Mewell*,  
A man well reuered for his graue respect.



*you know no body,*

To compromise and ende our difference,  
The place the Lombard, ten of clocke the house  
Appointed for the hearing of our cause.  
Shall I request your friendly companie,

*Hob.* VVith all my heart, both companie and purse;  
Bones a me, knaues, looke better to my shoppe;  
Men of our trade must weare good husbands eyes,  
Mongst many Chap-men there are fewe that buyes.  
My leysure now your businesse attends,  
Time's wonne not lost, that's spent to make men friends.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Doctor Newell, and my Lady Ransie.*

*Ladie.* Good Master Doctor *Newell*, let your loue  
Now shew it selfe vnto me: such as they,  
Men of the chieffest note within this Citie  
To be at such a iarre, doth make mee blissh  
Whom it doth scarce concerne: you are a good man,  
Take you the course in hand and make them friends,  
It will be a good dayes worke, if so is end.

*D. New.* My Lady *Ransie*, I haue heard ere this  
Of their contentions, their long sutes in Lawe,  
How by good friends they haue bene perswaded both,  
Yet both but deafe to fayre perswasions.  
What good will my word doe with such stubborn men?  
Breath blowne against the winde, retires againe.

*Lady.* Although to Gentlemen and Citizens  
They haue bene so rash, yet to so graue a man,  
Of whom none speake but speake with reuerence,  
VVhose words are gather'd in by euery eare  
As flowers receiue the dew that comfort them,  
They will be more attentive: pray take it in hand,  
It is a good deede, it will with your vertue stand.

*D. New.* To be a make-peace doth become me well,  
The charitable motion good in you,  
And in good sooth it will make me wee mine eyes,  
To see them euen, haue bene so long at odds.

*If you know not me,*

And by my meanes, ile doe the best I can,  
But God must bleſſe my words, for mans but man.

*Enter Sir Thomas Ramſie.*

*Lady.* I thanke you heartily, and by the houre I know,  
They will be preſently heere on the Lumbard,  
Vvhitther I drew you for this intent:

And ſee, ſir *Thomas* is come: pray breake with him.

*D. New.* Good day to ſir *Thomas Ramſie.*

*Ram.* M. Deane of Powles, as much to you  
Tis ſtrange to ſee you here in *Lumberſtreet*,  
This place of trafficke whereon Marchants meete.

*D. New.* Tis not my customer but ſir *Thomas*,

*Enter M. Grefham, and old Hobſon.* *Hob.* Come, come

Now body a me, I ſweare not every day,  
You are too to much to blame: two Citizens,  
Such as your ſelfe, and ſir *Thomas Ramſie* are,  
To beat your ſelues in Law fixe or ſeven yeare,  
Make Lawyers, Turneyes clarkes, and knaues, to ſpend  
Your money in a brabling controuerſie,  
Euen like too foolles: ſee where the other is,  
Vvith our Deane of Powles, nere better met,  
Vve two as Vvampiers will conclude a ſtriſe  
Before the Clocke ſtrike twelue, that now is aleuen:  
Lawyers this full ſeven yeare haue brabled in,  
And with a cuppe or two of merry godowne,  
Make them ſhake hands: Is't not well ſaid M. Deane?

*D. New.* And I could wiſh it as well done, M. Hobſon.

*Gref.* He haue you both know though you are my friends,  
I ſcorne my cauſe ſhould ſtoope or yeelde to him,  
Although he be reputed *Ramſie* the rich.

*Ram.* And *Grefham* ſhall perceiue that *Ramſies* purſe,  
Shall make him ſpend the wealth of *Oſterley*,  
But he ſhall know. *Gref.* Know, what ſhall I know?

*Ram.* That *Ramſie* is as good a man as *Grefham*.

*Gref.* And *Grefham* is as good a man as *Ramſie*.

*Ram.* Tut, tut, tut. *Gref.* Tut in thy teeth although thou art

*Hob.* Bones a me, you are both to blame: (a Knight,

Vve two like friendes, come to conclude your ſuiſe,

And you like fiſh-wiues ſall a ſcolding here.

*D. New.*

*you know no body:*

*D. New.* How stands the difference twixt you my good friends?

*Ladie.* The impatience both of the one and other,  
Will not permit to heare each other speake:

He tell the cause for both, and thus it is,

There is a Lordship called *Osterley*,

That *M. Gresham* hath both bought and built vpon.

*Gresh.* And t'is a goodly Manour, *M. Deane*,

*Lady.* VWhich *Osterley* before he dealt therein,

*Sir Thomas* my husband here did thinke to buy,

And had given earnest for it.

*Ram.* Then *Gresham* here, deales with the Land-seller,

And buyes my bargaine most dishonestly.

*Gresh.* God for his mercie touch mine honesty,

Away with comprimize, with taking vp,

The Lawe shall try my cause and honestie.

*Ram.* T'will proue no better then it should *Gresham*.

*Gresh.* T'will pooue as good as *Ramsies*, *Ramsie*.

*Ram.* Do not I know thy rising? *Gresh.* I, and I know thine.

*Ram.* VWhy mine was honestly. *Gresh.* And so was mine.

*Hab.* Heyday, bones a-me

VWas't euer seene two men to scold before?

Here's, I know thy rising, and I know thine,

VWhen as Gods blessing, that hath rais'd them both,

Am I worse because in *Edward's* dayes,

When Poperie went downe, I did ingrosse

Most of the Beades that were within the Kingdome,

That when Queene *Mario*, had renewed that Church,

They that would pray on Beades were forc't to mee

I made them stretch their purse-strings, grew rich thereby,

Beads were to me a good commoditie.

*Gresh.* No matter for your beads, my right's my right.

*Ram.* Yet *Gresham* shall well know he hath done me wrong.

*Gresh.* Ther's law enough to right you, take your course.

*D. New.* Reason being made mans guide, why is't that foren

Are violent passions to sweepe the'soule

Into such head-long mischiefes: tis onely this,

Reason would rule, Nature a Rebelle is.

You know the fire of your contention,

Hath onely cherishing and is maintain'd

From wild affections, whose strength's but thus

*If you know not me,*

As feultry heat doth make vs shunne the fire,  
An extreame colde doth alter that desire:  
All things that haue beginnings, haue their ends,  
Your haue must haue conclusion, then be friends.

*Hab.* Friends, M. Doctor *Nowell*, looke you heere,  
*Heer's M. Greshams* hand.

*Lady.* Ile bring the tother.

*Hab.* This seuen yeare they haue beene in law together.  
How much such men as they in seuen yeares spend,  
Lawyres may laugh at, but let wise men iudge.

*Gresh.* Friend *Habeson*.

*Ram.* VVise Lady.

*Hab.* Boutes a me, ile hold you fast,  
I will not haue a couple of such men  
Make cackling lawyers rich, and themselues fooles,  
And for a trifling cause: as I am olde *Habeson*.

*Gresh.* Sir *Thomas Ramfis*.

*Ram.* Master *Gresham*.

*Hab.* Body of mee, both shall be schoof'd, M. D. *Nowell*,  
You know the cause that this contention,  
Is onely that he bought a peece of land  
This had giuen earnest for, all *Adams* earth,  
And *Adams* earth is free for *Adams* sonnes,  
And tis a shame men should contend for it:  
VVhat ere you speake shall for a sentence stand,  
And being spoke, they shall shake hand in hand.

D. *Now.* If I must then decide the difference,  
Thus it shall bee, because that Sir *Thomas Ramfis*,  
Had earnest giuen before you bought the Land,  
Though you were not acquainted with so much,  
I doe ward he haue a hundred pound  
Toward his charges, and for that you  
Haue both payd for the Land, and built vpon it,  
It shall conuince yours: the moory you haue spent,  
Either account it lost, or badly lent.

*Gresh.* Gods precious, I haue spent five hundred pound,

*Ram.* And so haue I.

*Hab.* No matter,

*you know no body.*

The iudgement stands, onely this verdict too,  
Had you before the law fore-seene the losse,  
You had not now come home by weeping crosse,  
Strifes may as well haue end twixt honest men,  
Lawyers set fooles to Law, then laugh at them.

*Gresh.* Fore God tis true: and now I thinke vpon it,  
We might at first haue ended it by friendes,  
And made our selues merry with the money:  
But being done, tis done, then sir *Thomas Ramsey*,  
Let's leaue both loosers, tis but a thousand pound,  
And if you be as well content as I,  
Here wee'll shake hands and let our anger dye.

*Hob.* Shake hands, by the Marie god, sir *Thomas* what else,

*Ram.* You shew your selues our friends, to make vs friends,  
Then in good sooth ile not be obstinate.

*Lady.* Nay, M. Doctor *Nashe* loyne their hands,  
I know the reuerent regard of you  
Hath tempered both their hearts.

*Gresh.* Madame, tis true: I thinke to any but so good a man,  
We should haue both beene headstrong: but come.

*D. Nas.* With all my heart, long may you liue together,  
As friend should be to friend, brother to brother.

*Gresh.* Amen, amen, sir *Thomas*.

*Ram.* Amen, amen, Master *Gresham*.

*Hob.* Amen, amen, to you both.

And is not tis better then every Terme  
to trot after Lawyers?

*Gresh.* Good sooth tis true, if we could thinke it so,  
But tis mans nature, he desires his woe. *A storme.*  
Now passion of me sir *Thomas*, a cruell storme,  
And we stay long we shall be wet to the skinn,  
I doe not lik't, nay and it angers mee  
That such a famous Citie as this is,  
Wherein so many gallant Marchants are,  
Haue not a place to meete in, but in this,  
Where every shoure of raine must trouble them:  
I cannot tell but if I liue: lets step into the Popes head,  
We shall be dropping dry if stay here.

*If you know not me,*

He haue a rooffe built, and such a rooffe,  
That Marchants and their wiues, friend and their friends  
Shall walke vnderneath it, as now in Powles.  
What day of the Month is this?

*Hob.* Day *M. Gresham*, let me see:  
I tooke a fellowes word for twentie pound  
The tenth of March, the tenth of March.

*Gresh.* The tenth of March, well if I liue,  
He raise a worke shall make our Marchants say,  
Twas a good shewe that fell ypon that day. How now lacke?

*Enter Iohn Gresham.*

*Iohn.* Sir, my *M.* here hauing preferd me to be his Factor into  
I am come to take my leaue of you. (France,

*Gresh.* I thanke him for his care of thee: *M. Hobson*,  
My kinsman's come to take his leaue of me,  
He tels me you are sending him for France.

*Hob.* Bones a me knaue, art there yet?  
I thought thou hadst been halfe way there by this.

*Iohn.* I did but stay sir, to take my leaue of my Vncle.

*Gresh.* O *M. Hobson*, he comes in a very good time,  
I was bethinking me whom I might send  
To fetch this hundred pound, I am set to pay  
To sir *Thomas Ramsey*: nay, as we are friends  
Weele haue all Couenants kept before we part.

*Iohn.* God graunt that I may see it.

*Gresh.* Here *Iohn* take this seal'd Ring,  
Bid *Timothy* presently send me a hundred pound.

*Iohn.* I sir.

*Gresh.* I am sure he hath it ready told for thee,  
Weele stay here on the Lumbard till thou comest.

*Iohn.* Yes Sir.

*D. Now.* Nay stay good *Iohn*, thou knowst my dwelling *Iohn*?

*Iohn.* In Powles Church-yard Sir.

*D. Now.* The hundred pound thou art sent for, bring it thither.

*Iohn.* Yes marry will I sir.

*Exit.*

*D. Now.* And my good friends, since that so long a strife  
Hath ende by my perswasion, ile entreat,  
My house may entertaine you for this time.

VVhere



*you know no bodie.*

Where with such necessities wee le passe the time,  
As God shall best be pleased, and you contented:  
I keepe no ryot, nor you looke for none,  
Onely my table is for every one.

*Grish.* A cup of Sacke and welcome *M. Deme*,  
Nature is best contented with a meane.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Timothy and Iohn Grisham.*

*Iohn.* As I told you *Timothy*,  
You must send my Vncle straight a hundred pound:  
A dipes at Doctor *Nowels*, and gaue me in charge  
To haue with the money after him.

*Tim.* You come to me *Iohn* for a hundred pound, I thanke  
my spirituall maker I haue the charge of many hundreds of his  
now *Iohn*: Hope *Iohn* you feare God. (too.

*Iohn.* Feare God, S'foot what else, I feare God and the deuill

*Tim.* I must tell you *Iohn* and I know it, you haue not fed of  
the spirituall food, but edified by faith and suffered the taxes of  
the wild affections to be burnt.

*Iohn.* Foore thou wouldst not haue me make my selfe a French  
Martyr, to be burnt at these yeares wouldst thou?

*Tim.* I haue knowne them *Iohn* of our Church, haue beene  
burnt for other sinnes before thy yeares.

*Iohn.* I by my faith *Timothy* it may be you haue, for as close as  
you carry your teeth together, with indeed good brother, I doe  
not thinke but once in a yeare, a man might finde you quartered  
betwixt the Mouth at Bishops-gate, and the preaching place in  
Spittle.

*Tim.* Now you talke of the Spittle, I must say in very deede  
I haue beene in the Spittle.

*Iohn.* It is the more like *Timothy* you haue beene acquainted  
with the pox then.

*Tim.* But if you should thinke *Iohn*, that I would be there to  
commit, deale, or to speake more prophane, to venture in the  
way of all flesh, you doe wrong me being a brother of the faith.

*Iohn.* Come right your selfe and your Master then, and send  
him this one hundred pound, here's his seal'd Ring, I hope  
a warrant sufficient.

*Tim.* Vpon so good securitie *Iohn*, ile fit me to deliuer it. *Exit*

C 2

*Iohn.*

*If you know not me,*

*Iohn.* Spend it, God send mee but once to finger it, and if I doe not make a Flanders reckoning out, and that is as I haue heard mad wags say, recciue it heere and reuell it away in another place: let me bee spit out of the roome of good fellowship, and neuer haue so much fauour to touch the skirt of a Taffacie peticote.

*Iut* I am yong, mine Vnder an old chuffe,  
And ile not want by God, since he hath enough.  
I must not let this faine wainscot-face, yea & nay, heare me tho.

*Enter Timothie.*

*Tim.* Here *Iohn*, accept my dute to my Master, I must tell you *Iohn*, I would not haue trusted you *Iohn*, without so sufficient a discharge.

*Iohn.* I am the lesse beholding vnto you, but now I hau't, because you preach't to me vpon my demande of it, ile be so bold so lectur to you vpon your deliuerie, *Timothie* you know the Promise good *Timothie*, *That the still Saw eates a l the drasse*: and no question the most smooth tongu'd fellow, the more ardent knauer: God forbid I should call you so *Timothie*, yet I will leaue this for your further remembrance.

*Vnder the yea and nay, men often buy  
Much as souage, funder many a hye:  
He that with yea and nay makes all his saying,  
Yet proves a Indas in his dealing,  
Shall haue this written o're his grave,  
Thy life seem'd pure, yet d'st a knaue.*

*Timothie.* Doe you heare *Iohn*, you know the Chapmans word in London, *He trust you but no further then I see you*, you haue the hundred pound *Iohn*, but for that you haue wrong'd vs that loue to be edified, I will goe with you to my Master, and see the money deliuered.

*Iohn.* Why, a trusted me to come with't.

*Timothie.* I care not by yea, and nay, ile goe by yea and nay, I will.

*Iohn.* Let me but aske thee this question, *Whither dost thou goe, in any loue to thy master, or to me?*

*Tim*



*you know no body.*

*Tim.* Though my master be my master, yet you haue flur'd my stomach.

*John.* I thought there was the fruit of your Puritane patience, come let's along, and if I doe not shew your religion a trick shall be scarce disguised with pepins or cheele, let me bee cal'd Cut, Come along.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Honestie the Sergeant, and Quicke.*

*Honestie.* Fellow *Quicke*, pray thee haue a care if thou canst see *John* the Vpholster, I must needs arrest him.

*Quicke.* How much is the debt?

*Honestie.* Some 50.li.

*Quicke.* Dost thou thinke he is able to put in baylers the action?

*Honestie.* I thinke scarce ynough.

*Quicke.* Why then wee'll arrest him to the popes-head, call for the best cheere in the house, first seede vpon him, and then if he wil not come off, carry him to the counter, but if he wil stretch some 4. or 5. li. being the sum so great he shall passe, wee'll make him sweare he shall not tell he was arrested, and wee'll sweare to the creditor we cannot meet with him.

*Honestie.* Fore God thou sayst well.

*Quicke.* I haue serued Sent the Perfumer, Tallow the Carrier, Quarrell the Glasier, and some three or foure more of our poore smelts so this morning.

*Enter John.*

*John.* Hart I haue court thorow two or three Lanes, yet this miching slaue followes me so close I can not giue him the slippe for this hundred pound, as God saue me now it's in my hand I'd rather be hang'd then part from it: Foote, it will make a man merry halfe a yere together in France, command wenches or any thing: part from it quoth you, that were a iest indeed: shall a yong man as I am, and though I say it indifferent proper, goe into a strange countrey, and not shew himselfe what mettell hee is made of when a comes there: I protest a very good hundred pound, a hundred pound will goe farre in France, and when a man hath it not of his owne, who should hee make bold withall for it, if he may not with his Vncle; but see if that thin fac't rogue be not come againe, I must haue a trick for him.

*Enter Tim.*

*Tim.* For all your fore-long too and fro, by yea and nay, ile follow you.

*If you know not me,*

*John.* Will you, there should bee Sergeants here abouts, will you: Lord if it be thy will send mee to hit of one, and if I doe not shew you a tricke, thou shouldst be a Sergeant by thy peering so.

*Honest.* Why *M. John* so I am. (thy name?)

*John.* Thou art happily met: I am looking for one, what's

*Ho.* My name *M. John*, I haue beene merry at your Vncles many a time, my name's *Honestie.* *John.* Faith,

*Quick.* Nay, ile assure you his name is *Honestie*, and I am *Quick.*

*Iob. Honestie!* who the pox gaue thee that name? (his Ycoman, But thou must doe an office for my Vncle:

Hear *Quick*, runne thou before and enter the action,

Ther's money, an action of an hundred pound

Against *Timothy Thin-beard*, *M. Greshams* Factor,

I hope I shall teach you to dog me.

*Quick.* An action against *Thin-beard*, I goe. *Exit.*

*John.* Here *Honestie*, there's money for thy arrest,

Be sure to take good Bayle or clap him fast:

I hope I shall shew you a trick. *Honest.* Mum for that.

*John.* See where he is, God prosper it.

Fasten vpon him like a hungry Dog vpon a peece of meate:

And if this be not a trick to chaste a foole,

A more knaue learne me, and ile goe to schoole.

*Honest.* I arrest you Sir.

*Tim.* Arrest me, thou seruant to Sathan: at whose sute?

*Honest.* At your Masters, *M. Greshams.*

*Tim.* O God for thy mercie, *M. John*, *M. John.*

*John.* Nay, nay, this 100.li. hath other worke in hand for me, You are in the Devils hand, and so agree. *Exit.*

*Tim.* My good friend, now what must become of me?

*Honest.* Vales, wee shall to the Tauerne, and drinke till you can send for Baile, you must to the Counter.

*Tim.* Is ther no difference made betwixt the faithfull and the vnfaithfull.

*Honest.* Faith very little in paying of debts: but if you be so holy, I maruel how you run so farre behind hand With your M.

*Tim.* I must confesse I owe my M. 500.li. How I came so, it is not fit to lay the sins of our flesh open to euery eie, & you know the

*you know no body.*

the saying, *Tis bad to do evill, but worse to boast of it*: yet hee above knowes that sometimes as soone as I haue come from *Bowchurch*, I haue gone to a Baudie-house. (your knauerie.

*Honest*. Nay it appears so, that now your M<sup>h</sup> hath smelt out

*Tim*. Not to commit in very deed good friend, but only to see fashions, or to recreat & stir vp our drowisie appetites. *Enter Quic*.

*Honest*. Well here comes my fellow *Quick*, and vnles you wil content vs for staying, you must along to the Counter.

*Tim*. I hope you thinke *The Labourer is worthie of his hire*: we will stay here at the Tauerne, and *Quick* I will content thee, to carry a letter to my master, wherein I will make him a restitution of his 500. li. by repentance, and shew him the way that my fraile nature hath run into.

*Honest*. Well, wee'l be pay'd by the houre.

*Tim*. It will not be amisse if you buy an houre-glass. *Exeunt*.

*Enter D. Nowel, Gresham, sir Tho. Ramfis, Hobson, Lady Ramfis.*

*Gresh*. Come M. D. Nowell, now we haue done Our worst to your good cheere, wee'd faine be gone: Onely we stay my kinsmans long returne, To pay this hundred pound to *sir Thomas Ramfis*.

*D. Now*. Then assure you, he will be heare presently:

In the meane time, I haue drawne you to this walke,

A Gallerie, wherein I keepe the Pictures

Of many charitable Citizens:

That hauing fully satisfied your bodies,

You may by them learne to refresh your soules.

*Gresh*. Are all these Pictures of good Cittizens?

*D. Now*. They are, and ile describe to you some of their births,

How they bestowd their liues, and did so liue

The fruits of this life might a better giue.

*Gresh*. You shall gaine more in shewing this to vs,

Then you haue shewne.

*Lady*. Good M. Deane, I pray you shew it vs.

This was the Picture of *sir Iohn Philpot* sometimes Mayor,

This man at one time, at his owne charge,

Leauied ten thousand souldiers, guarded the Realme

From the incursions of our enemies:

And in the yeare a thousand three hundred and eightie,

When

*If you know not me,*

When *Thomas* of *Woodstocke*, *Thomas* *Percie* with other noble  
Were sent to ayd the Duke of *Britannie*, (men,  
This sayd *Iohn* *Filpes* furnishte out foure ships  
At his owne charges and did release the armor  
That the poore souldiers had for victuals paw'nd.  
This man did liue when *Walworth* was Lord Maior  
That prouident, valiant, and learned Citizen,  
That both attacht, and kild the traytor *Tyler*,  
For which good seruice *Walworth* the Lord Maior,  
This *Filpes*, and foure other Aldermen,  
Were knighted in the field.  
Thus did he liue, and yet before he di'd  
Assur'd reliefe for thirteene poore for euer.

*Gres:* By the marry God a worthy Citizen:  
On good my Deane.

*Now:* This sir *Richard Whittington* three times Maior,  
Sonne to a Knight, and Prentise to a Mercer,  
Began the Librarie of Gray-Friars in London;  
And his Executors after him did build  
*Whittington* Colledge, thirteene Almes-houses for poore men,  
Repa'r'd *S. Bartholomewes* in Smithfield,  
Glased the Guild-hall, and built Newgate.

*Hob.* Bones of mee then I haue heard lyes,  
For I haue heard he was a scullion,  
And rais'd himselfe by venturie of a Cat.

*Now:* They did the more wrong to the gentleman.  
This sir *Iohn Allen* Mercer and Maior of *London*,  
A man so graue of life that he was made  
A priuie Counsellor to King *Henrie* the eight,  
He gaue this Citie a rich Collier of gold,  
That by the Maior succeeding should be worne;  
Of which sir *William Laxton* was the first,  
And is continued euen vnto this yeare,  
A number more there are, of whose good deedes  
This Citie flourisheth.

*Gres:* And we may be ashamed,  
For in their deedes we see our owne disgrace,  
We that are Citizens are rich as they were,

Behold

*you know no body.*

Behold their chatie in our streets,  
Churches for prayer, Almshouses for the poore,  
Conduits which bring vs water: all which good  
We doe see and are reliu'd withall,  
And yet wee liue like beasts, spend time and die,  
Leauing no good to be remembred by.

*Lady.* Among the Stories of these blessed men,  
So many that intrich your Gallarie,  
There are two womens Pictures: what were they?

*D.* Now. They are two that haue deseru'd a memorie,  
Worthy the note of our Posteritie:

This *Agnes Foster*, wife to *Mr. Foster*,  
That fre'd a Beggar at the grate of Lud-gate,  
Was after Maior of this most famous Citie;  
And builded the Somb-side of Lud-gate vp,  
Vpon which wall these Verses I haue read.

*Demons* *sunder that passe this way,*  
*For M. Foster late Maior beautifly pray,*  
*And Agnes his Wife to God consecrate,*  
*That of pity this house made for Londoners to Lud-gate:*  
*So that for lodging and water here nothing they pay,*  
*As their Keepers shall answere at dreadful Doomes day.*

*Lady.* O what a charitable deed was this!

This *Ane Gibson* who in her husbands life,  
Being a Grocer, and a sherife of London,  
Founded a free Schoole at Ratcliff,  
There to instruct three-score poore children,  
Built fourteene Almshouses for fourteene poore  
Leauing for Tutors 50. li. a yeare,  
And Quarterly for euery one a Noble.

*Lady.* Why should not I lue so, that being dead  
My name might haue a register with theirs.

*Gr.* Why should not all of vs being wealthy men,  
And by Gods blessing onely rais'd by  
Cast in our mindes how we might them exceed  
In godly workes, helping of them that need.

*If you know not me,*

*Hob.* Bones a me tis true: why should we live  
To haue the poore to curse vs being dead?  
Heauen graunt that I may liue, that when I die,  
Although my children laugh, the poore may cry.

*Now.* If you will follow the religious path,  
That these haue beat before you, you shall win heauen,  
Euen in the mid-day walkes you shall not walke the street,  
But widows orisons, Laysers prayers, Orphans thanks,  
Will flye into your eares, and with a ioyfull blissh,  
Make you thanke God that you haue done for them:  
When otherwise theil fill you eares with curses,  
Crying we feed on woe, you are our Nurser.  
O ist not better that yong couples say,  
You rais'd vs vp, then you were our decay:  
And mothers tongues teach their first borne to sing  
Of your good deeds, then by shee bad is wing.

*Hob.* No more M.D. Nowell, no more,  
I thinke these words should make a man of blint  
To mend his life: how say you M. Orghand?

*Orgh.* Fore-god they haue started teares into my eyes,  
And M.D. Nowell you shall see  
The words that you haue spoke, haue wrought effect in me.

*Lady.* And from these women I will take a way,  
To guide my life for a more blessed stay.

*Now.* Begin then whilst you liue, least being dead,  
The good you giue in charge be neuer done,  
Make your owne hands your executors, your eyes ouer-seers,  
And haue this saying euer in your mind:

*Women be forgetfull, children be unkind,  
Executors be enuious, and take what they find.*

*Hob.* In my time I haue seene many of them.

*Orgh.* Ile learne then to prevent them whilst I liue,  
The good I meane to doe, these hands shall giue.

*Enter Quick.*

*Quick.* The matter you wot of fir is done.

*Orgh.* Done knaue, what's done?

*Quick.* Is in hucksters handling fir, and beare the commend  
him vnto you.

*Orgh.*



*you know no body.*

*Gresh.* Mary God knowe doft tel me Riddles, what's all this?  
*Quic.* A thing will fpeake his owne minde to you,  
If you please but to open the lip.

*Enter Clo.*

*Clo.* Bee your leaue Gentlemen, I am come to fmel our my  
mafter here: Your kinf-man *John* fir, your kinf-man *John*.

*Gresh.* O he has brought the hundred pound, where is he?

*Clo.* It appears by this, the matter is of leffe waight.

*Gresh.* What more paper?

Fellow, what haft thou brought me here, a recantation?

*Clo.* It may be fo for he appears in a white fheet.

*Quick.* Indeed he femies forry for his bad life.

*Gresh.* Bad life, bad life knaue, what meanes all this?

*M.D. Nowell,* pray read it for me,

And ile read that my kinf-man *John* hath fent:

Where is he knaue?

*Clo.* Your worfhip is no wifer then you fould be, to keepe  
any of that cote.

*Gresh.* Knaue thou mean'ft.

*Clo.* Knaue I meane fir, but your kinf-man *John*,  
That by this time's well forward on his way.

*Gresh.* Hey-day, what haue we here, knauery as quick as Beles?  
Weele more of this.

*Clo.* You were beft let me helpe you hold it fir.

*Gresh.* VVhy knaue, dooft thinke I cannot hold a paper.

*Clo.* Helpe will do no hurt for if the knauery be as quicke as  
an Bele, it may chance to deceiue you. *Gresh.* *He reads.*

*I am a Merchant made by chance,*

*And lacking coynes to venture:*

*Your hundred pound's gone toward France,*

*Your Eaſter's in the Counter.*

*Quick.* No fir, he is yet but in the Tauerne at counter gate,  
but he fhall foone be in if you please.

*Gresh.* Away knaue, let me read on.

*My father gaue me a portion,*

*You keepe away my due:*

*I haue payd my ſelfe a part to ſpend,*

*Here's a diſcharge for you.*

D 2

Precious

*If you know not me,*

Precious cole, here's a knave round with me.

*D. Now.* Your Factor *Timothy Thin beard* writes to you,  
Who as it seemes is arrested at your sute.

*Gresh.* How, at my sute!

*D. Now.* And heere confesseth by vsing bad companie,  
He is run behind hand five hundred pound:  
And doth intreat you would be good to him.

*Gresh.* How, run behind hand five hundred pound,  
And by bad companie: *M. Deane of Powles*,  
He is a fellow seemes so pure of life,  
I durst haue trusted him with all I had had.

*D. Now.* Here is so much vnder his owne hand.

*Gresh.* Ha, let me see, who set you to arrest him?

*Quick.* Why your kins-man *Iohn* sir, your kins-man *Iohn*.

*Gresh.* He, ha, in faith I smell the knauerie then:  
This knave belike mistrusting of my kinsman,  
Would come along to see the money giuen me:  
Mad *Iacke* hauing no tricke to put him off,  
Arrests him with a Sergeant at my sute,  
There went my hundred pound away: this *Thin-beard* then  
Knowing himselfe to haue playd the knave with me,  
And thinking I had arrested him indeed,  
Confesseth all his trickes with yea, and nay:

So her's five hundred pound come, one runne away.

*Hob.* Bones a me, *M. Gresham*, is my man *Iohn*  
Gone away with your hundred pound?

*Clo.* Faith it appeares so by the acquittance that I brought.

*Gresh.* No matter *M. Hobson*, the charge you trust him with,  
He see he shall discharge, I know he is wilde,  
Yet I must tell you ile not see him suncke:  
And afore-god it hath done my heart more good,  
The knave had wit to doe so mad a trick,  
Then if he had posited me twice so much.

*Ram.* He euer had the name of mad *Iacke Gresham*.

*Gresh.* Is the more like his Vncle, *Sir Thomas Ramse*:  
When I was yong I doe remember well,  
I was as very a knave as he is now.

*Sirra*, bring *Thin-beard* hither to me, and *Sir Thomas Ramse*,

Your



*you know no body.*

Your hundred poundle see you pay'd my selfe:  
Ha ha, mad Jack, Gramercie for this slight,  
This hundred pounds makes me ahy Vncle right. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Iohn Tawnicote.*

*Taw.* I sure tis in this Lane, I turned on the right hand coming from the Stockes, nay, though there was master carles, man carels, and all careles, ile still be honest *Iohn*, and seorne to take any mans ware but ile pay them for it: I warrant they thinke me an arrant knaue, for going away and not paying, and in my conscience the master cudgeld the merit, and the men the master, and all about me, when as God saue me I did it innocently. But sure this is the Lane, there's the VVindmill, there's the Dogs head in the pot, and her's the Fryer whipping the Nuns arse: it's here about sure:

*Enter in the shop 2. of Hobsons folkes, and opening the shoppe.*

1. Come fellow *Crack*, haue you sorted vp those wares? Mark't them with 54. they must be pack't vp.

2. I haue don't an houre agoe: haue you seal'd vp My masters Letter to his Factor *Iohn Gresham*? It is at Deepe in France to send him Matches, For he must vse them at *Bristow faire*.

1. I, and the Poste receiued it two houres since.

*Taw.* Sure it is here about, the kennel was on my right hand, and I thinke in my conscience I shall neuer haue the grace of God and good lucke, if I doe not pay it: Gods foot, looke here, looke here, I know this is the shop by that same stretch-halter, O my masters, by your leaue good fellowes.

1. You are welcome sir, you are welcome.

*Taw.* Indeed that's the common saying about London, if men bring money with them.

1. O sir, money customers to vs are best welcome.

*Taw.* You say well, so they should be: come turne o're your bookes, I am come to pay this same ten pound.

1. And we are ready to receiue money: what might we call your name?

*Taw.* Why my name is *Iohn Good-fellow*, I hope I am not ashamed of my name.

*If you know not me,*

1. Your Kin are the more beholding to you, fellow *Cracke* turne o're the Callender, and looke for *John Good-fellow*.

2. What comes it to?  
*Tawne*. Tenne pound.

1. You will have no more wares with you, will you fir.

*Taw*. Nay presse not too fast, let's pay for the old before we talke of any new.

2. *John Good-fellow*, fellow *Nimble-shap*, here's no such name in all our booke.

1. I thinke thou art mop-ey'd this morning, giue me the booke, Letter I, Letter I, Letter I: when had you your ware?

*Taw*. I had it some ten dayes agoe.

1. Your name's *John Good-fellow* you say, Letter I, Letter I, Letter I: You doe not come to mocke vs, doe you. Letter I, Letter I, Letter I. By this hand if I thought you did, I would knocke you about the eares afore wee parted fellow *Cracke*, get mee a Cudgell ready. Letter I, Letter I, Letter I: Foote here's no such name in all our Booke. Doe you heare fellow are you drunke this morning, to make vs looke for moone-shine in the water?

*Taw*. Fut, art not thou drunke this morning, canst not receiue the money that's due to thee? I tell thee I had ten pounds worth of ware here.

1. And I tell thee *John Good-fellow*, here's no such name in our booke, nor no such ware deliuered.

*Taw*. Gods precious, there's a iest indeed, so a man may bee sworn out of himself, had not I ten pounds worth of ware here?

2. No Goodman goose, that you had not.

*Taw*. Hyday, here's excellent fellowes, are able to make their maisters hornes grow through his head in a month, they cannot only carelesly deliuer away his ware, but also they will not take money for it when it comes.

1. Doe you heare *Hoyden*, and my master were not in the next roome, I'd knocke you about eares for playing the knaue with vs, ere you parted.

*Taw*. By the masse I thinke your master had more need knock you about the eares, for playing the lackes with him, ther's your ten pounds, tell it out with a wanon, and take it for your paine.

I, Fut,

*you know no bodie.*

1. Tut, here's a mad slave indeed will give us ten pound  
in spite of our teeth.

2. Fellow Nimble Chaps, alas let the poore fellow alone, it ap-  
pear's he is besides himselfe.

Taw: By the masse, I thinke you will sooner make your master  
stake mad, if you play thus with euerie bodie.

*Enter old Hobson.*

Hob: Hyday, bones a mee, here's lazy knaues.  
Past eight a clocke, and neither ware sorted,  
Nor shop swept.

Taw: Good morrow to you sir, haue you any more stomacks  
to receiue money, than your men haue this morning?

Hob: Money is welcome chaffier, welcome good friend,  
Welcome good friend.

Taw: Here's mounse-male part your man, scorns to receiue it.

Hob: How knaues, thinke scorne to receiue my money?  
Banes a mee growne proud, proud knaues, proud.

1. I hope we know sir you doe not vse to bring vp your ser-  
uants to receiue money vnlesse it be due vnto you.

Hob: No bones a me knaues, not for a million.  
Friend, come to pay me money, for what, for what,  
For what come you to pay me money?

Taw: O'hy Sir, for ware I had some moneth agoe,  
Being Pins, Points, and Laces,  
Poting slukes for yong wiuces, for yong wenches glasses,  
Ware of all sorts which I bore at my backe  
To sel where I come, with what do you lack, what do you lack?  
What doe you lack?

Hob: Bones a me a merry knaue: what's thy name?

Taw: My name sir is *Iohn Good-fellow*,  
An honest poore Pedler of Kent.

Hob: And had ten pound in ware of me, a moneth agoe:  
Bones giue me the bookes, *Iohn Good-fellow* of Kent.

Taw: O sir, *Nomine & natura*, by name and nature,  
I am as well knowne for a good-fellow in Kent,  
As your Cittie Summer's known for a knaue,  
Come sir will you be stelling.

*Hob:*

*If you love not me,*

*Hob.* As for the sellinge of me here's no such matter  
Away knowe away, thou owest me none, one of my doores.

*Taw.* How, dost thoue saye so? this is but a trick to try  
my honestie now.

*Hob.* There's good gold like a pint of Sacke.

Comfort thy selfe thus & thoue well in thy wits.

God forbid, pay me ten pound not due to me.

*Taw.* Gods dickins here's a iell indeed, master mad, men mad,  
and all mad, here's a mad household: doe you heare *M. Hobson*,  
I doe not greatly care to take your groat, and I care as little to  
spend it, yet you shall know I am *Iohn*, honest *Iohn*, and I will not  
be any part of my honestie, here I had ten pounds worth of ware,  
and I will pay for it.

*Hob.* Nibble-chaps, call for help Nibble-chaps,

Bones of me the man begins to raue.

*M.* Master I haue found out one *Iohn Tarnie-cote*,

Had ten pounds worth of ware a moneth agoe.

*Taw.* Why that's I, that's I: I was *Iohn Tarnie-cote* then,  
Though I am *Iohn Gray-cote* now.

*Hob.* *Iohn Tarnie-cote* welcome *Iohn Tarnie-cote*.

*Taw.* Foot doe you thinke ile be out fact of my honestie?

*Hob.* A floure for *Iohn Tarnie-cote*; the good *Iohn Tarnie-cote*,  
Honest *Iohn Tarnie-cote*, welcome *Iohn Tarnie-cote*.

*Taw.* Nay, tell me you we are honest all the generation of vs,  
There's to a Doyt I warrant it, you need not tell it after mee,  
Foot doe you thinke ile be out fact of mine honestie?

*Hob.* Thou art honest *Iohn*, honest *Iohn Tarnie-cote*:

Shewing so honestly pay'd for this,

Sort vp his packe straight worth twentie pound,

Ile trust thee honest *Iohn*, *Hobson* will trust thee:

And any time, the ware that thou doost lacke,

Money or money not, ile stiffe thy packe!

*Taw.* I thank you Master *Hobson*, and this is the fruit of ho-  
nestie.

*[Enter a Physician.]*

*Par.* Be your leave *M. Hobson*, I bring this fauour to you,

My royall Mistresse *Quene Elizabeth*,

Has sent to borrow a hundred pound of you.

*Hob.*

*You know no body.*

*Hob.* How, bonca a mite, *Quene* know *Hobson*, *Quene* know  
And send but for one hundred pound: Friend come in. (*Hobson*)  
Come in friend, shall haue two, *Quene* shall haue two  
If *Quene* know *Hobson*, once her *Hobson* parle,  
Must be free for her she is Englands Nurse  
Come in good friend, ha, *Quene* know *Hobson*,  
Nay come in *Iohn* wee'le dine together too.

*Taw.* Make vp my packe and go along from your  
Singing merrily on the way,  
Poynts, Poynts, Gloues, and Purfes,  
Poking sticks, and blacke let-rings,  
Cambricks, lawnes, and pretie things  
Come maydes and buy my backe dosh croke,  
I haue all that you want: what doe you lacke?  
VVhat doe you lacke?

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Gresham and Sword-bearer.*

*Gresh.* Our Cities Sword-bearer and my very good friend,  
VVhat haue our honourable Court of Aldermen  
Determin'd yett shall *Gresham* haue a place,  
To erect this worthy building to his name,  
May make the Citie speake of him for euer.

*Sword.* They are in counsell about it.

*Gresh.* Be you my Agent to tell and shew to them,  
I know your place and will be thankfull to you.  
Tell them I waite here in the Mayors Court,  
Beneath in the Sheriffs Court my workmen waite  
In number full a hundred & my Frame is ready,  
All onely stay their pleasure, when our of hand  
Vp goes my worke, a credit to the Land.

*Sword.* I shall be diligent in your request.

*Exit.*

*Gresh.* Doe good Mr. Sword-bearer, now when this worke is  
It shall be in the pleasure of my life,  
(rais'd,  
To come and meet our Marchants at their house,  
And see them in the greatest house that is  
VValk dry, and in a worke I rais'd for them  
Or fetch a turne within my vpper walke,  
VVithin which square I haue ordered Shoppes shall bee  
Of neat but necessary Trades in London.

*B*

*And*

*If you know not me,*

And in the richest sort being garnish't out,  
T'will doe me good to see thops with faire wiuers.  
Sit to attend the profit of their husbands r  
Yong maides brought vpyong men as prentises.  
Some shall prooue masters and speake in *Greshams* praise,  
In *Greshams* worke we did our fortunes raise.  
For I dare say both Countrey and the Court,  
For wares shall be beholding to this worke.

*Enter Sword bearer, Lord Mayor, and Sheriffes.*

*Sword. M. Gresham,*

Thus sends the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen.

*Ram.* Or rather come to bring the newes our selfe:  
We haue determin'd of a place for you  
In *Cornes-hill*, the delightfull of this Cittie,  
Where you shall raise your Frame: the Citie at their Charge  
Hath bought the houses and the ground, (pound;  
And payd for both three thousand five hundred three & twentie  
Order is given the houses shall be sold,  
To any man will buy them and retnooue them,

*Sheriffe.* Which is already done, being fourescore households,  
Were sold for 478. pound.

The plot is also plain'd at the Citties charges,  
And wee in name of the whole Cittizens,  
Doe come to giue you full possession  
Of this our purchase, whereon to build a Burse,  
A place for Marchants to assemble in,  
At your owne charges.

*Gresh. M. Shnife* ile doo't, and what I spend therein,

• *Lscome* to lose day, neglect is a sinne:

VVhere be my worke men?

*Enter workmen.*

*Work.* Here, here with trowell and tooles ready at hand.

*Gresh.* Come fellowes, come: *Enter D. Nowell and Hobson.*

VVe haue a Frame made, and we haue roome

To raise it: but *M. D. Nowell*, and *M. Hobson*,

VVe haue your preſence in a happie time,

This ſeuenth of Iune we the firſt ſtone will lay.

Of our new Burſe, giue vs ſome Bricks:

Here's a bricke, here's a faire Soueraigne,

Thus



*you know no body.*

Thus I begin, bee it hereafter told  
I laid the first stone with a peece of gold,  
Hee that loues *Gresham* follow him in this,  
The gold we lay, due to the workemen is.

*Work.* O God blesse *M. Gresham*, God blesse *M. Gresham*,

*Ram.* The Mayor of *London M. Gresham* followes you:

Vnto your first this second I doe sit,  
And lay this peece of gold a toppe of it.

*Shri.* So doe the Sheriffes of *London* after you.

*Hob.* And bones of me, old *Hobson* will be one,  
Here's fellowys there's my gold giue me a stone.

*Work.* God forbid a man of your credite should want stones.

*D. Now.* Is this the Plot sir of your worke in hand?

*Gresh.* The whole Plot both of forme and fashion.

*D. Now.* In sooth it will be a good edifice,

Much Art appears in it: in all my time

I haue not seene a worke of this neat forme:

VVhat is this vaultage for, is fashioned here?

*Gresh.* Stowage for Marchants ware and strangers goods,  
As either by exchange or otherwayes are vendable.

*D. Now.* Here is a middle round and a farre space,

The round is greater, and the space

Seemes open: your conceite for that?

*Gresh.* The grates giue light vnto the Cellerage,

Vpon the which ile haue my friends to walke,

When heauen giues comfortable raine vnto the carth:

For that I will haue couered. *D. Now.* So it appears.

*Gresh.* This space that hides not heauen from vs,

Shall be so still, my reason is,

Ther's Summers heat, as well as winters colde,

And I allow and here's my reason for't,

Tis better to be bleak't by winters breath,

Then to be stifled vp with Summers heat:

In cold weather walke drie and thicke together,

And euery honest man warme one another:

In Summer then when too much heat offends,

Take aie a Gods name Marchants or my friends.

*D. Now.* And what of this part that is ouer head?

*If you know not me,*

*Gresh.* M. Deane in this :

There is more ware there then in all the rest,  
Here like a parish for good Cittizens  
And their faire wives to dwell in, ile haue shoppes  
Where every day they shall become themselues  
In neat attire, that when our Courtiers  
Shall come in traines to pace old *Greshams* Butte,  
They shall haue such a girdle of chaste eyes,  
And such a globe of beautie round about:  
Ladies shall blush to turne their vizards off,  
And Courtiers sweare they ly'd when they did scoff.

D. Now. Kind *M. Gresham* this same worke of yours,  
Will be a Tombe for you asier your death,  
A benefitt to Tradesmen and a place  
VWhere Marchants meet their trafficke to maineaine,  
Where neither cold shall hurt them, heat, nor raine.

*Gresh.* O M *Nowell* I did not forget  
The troublesome storme we had in Lumbard-street,  
That time *Sir Thomas* and I were aduersaries,  
And you and M. *Hobson* made vs friends.  
I then did say, and now ile keepe my word,  
I saw a want and I would helpe afford:  
Nor is my promise giuen you when you shew'd  
That rancke of charitable men to vs,  
That I would follow their good actions  
Forgot with me, but that before I die,  
The world shall see Ile leaue like memorie. *A blessing Starre.*

*Hob.* Fore-God my Lord, haue you beheld the like!  
Looke how it streakes, what doe you thinke of it?

*Shir.* Tis a strange Comet *M. Hobson*,  
My time to my remembrance hath not scene  
A sight so wonderfull. M. D. *Nowell*,  
To iudge of these things your experience  
Exceedeth ours, what doe you hold of it?  
For I haue heard that Meteors in the ayre,  
Of lesler forme, lesse wonderfull then these,  
Rather fore-tell of dangers imminent,  
Then flatter vs with future happinesse.

D. Now



*you know no body.*

D. *Nas.* Art may discourse of these things noneran iudge  
Directly of the will of heauen in this,  
And by discourse thus far I hold of it.

Tnat this strange starre appearing in the North,  
And in the constellation of *Cassiopey*,  
Vvhich with three fixed starres commixt to it,  
Doth make a Figure Geometrycall,  
*Lazengeweise* call'd of the learned *Rambus*,  
Conducted with the houely Moone of heauen,  
And neuer altered from the fixed sphere,  
Fore-tels such alteration that my friends,  
Heauen grant with this first sight our sorrow ends.

*Hab.* God, will be done M. Deane, haue what hap will,  
Death doth not feare the good man but the ill.

*Grosb.* VVell said M. *Habfan.*

Lets haue a day, that if death come to morrow  
Hec's rather messenger of ioy then sorrow.

Now fir what newes from *Barbarie*? *Enter a Factor.*

*Fact.* Vnwelcome newes fir, the King of *Barbarie* is slaine.

*Grosb.* Ha, slaine by treason or by warre.

*Fact.* By warre, in that renowned Battell,  
Swift Fame desires to carry through the world:  
The Battle of *Alcasar*, wherein two Kings  
Besides this King of *Barbarie* was slaine,  
Kings of *Moroco* and of *Portugale*,  
With *Srowkeley* that renowned Englishman  
That had a spirit equall with a King,  
Mad fellow with these Kings in war-like strife,  
Honor'd his Countrey and concluded life.

*Grosb.* Could newes birladie, the venture Gentlemen  
Of three-score thousand pound with that dead King,  
Lies in a hazard to be winne or lost:

In what estate consists the Kingdome now?

*Fact.* In peace, and the succeeding happie,  
Was crown'd then King when I tooke ship from thence.

*Grosb.* To that King then be Messenger from vs,  
And by the sound of Trumpet summon him:  
Say that thy Master and a London Marchant,

*If you know not me,*

Craves due performance of such couenants  
Confirm'd by the late King vnto our selfe,  
That for the summe of three-score thousand pound,  
The trafficke of his Sugars should be mine.  
If he refuse the former bargaine made,  
Then freely claime our money that we lent:  
Say that our coyne did feed the former King,  
If he be Kind we haue as much for him.

*Hob.* By the Marie-god it was a dangerous day,  
Three Kings beside yong *Stenkeley* slaine:  
He tell you my Lord Maior what I haue seene  
When sword and bucklers were in question,  
I haue seene that *Stenkeley* beat a street before him,  
He was so familliar growne in euery mouth,  
That if it happened any fighting were,  
The question straight was, was not *Stenkeley* there.  
Bones a me he would hew it. Now, what newes with you?

*Enter a Boy.*

*Boy.* Here is a Letter sent you from *John Graham*.

*Hob.* O an answer of a Letter that I sent,  
To send mee Matches against *Bristow* faies,  
If then any were come.

*Boy.* I cannot tell Sir well what to call it, but in steed of matches of ware, when you reade your Letter, I beleeeue you will find your Factor hath matcht you.

*Hob.* VWhat's here, what's here. *Read the Letter,*

*As neare as I could gesse at your meaning, I haue laboured to furnish you, and haue sent you 2, thousand pounds worth of Match.*  
How, bones knaue, 2, thousand pounds worth of Match!

*Boy.* Faith M. neuer chafe at it, for if you cannot put it away for Match, it may be the hang-man will by some of it for halters.

*Hob.* Bones a me, I sent for matches of ware, fellowes of ware.

*Boy.* And Match being a kinde of ware, I thinke your Factor hath matcht you.

*Hob.* The blasfing Starre did not appeare for nothing:  
Lent to be sorted with matches of ware,

And

*you know no bodie.*

And he hath sent me nought, but a commoditie of Match,  
And in a time when ther's no vent for it.

VVhat doe you thinke on't Gentlemen,  
I little thought *Iack* would haue seru'd me so.

*Gresh.* Nay *M. Habsou* grieue not at *Iack's* crosse,  
My doubt is more and that I laugh at lesse. *Exeunt.*

*Enter 2. Lords.*

1. *Lord.* You haue trauel'd sir, how do you like this building?  
Trust me it is the goodliest thing that I haue seene,  
England affords none such.

2. *Lord.* Nor *Christendome*:  
I might say all the world has not his fellow.  
I haue been in *Turkies* great *Constantinople*,  
The Marchants there meet in a goodly temple,  
But haue no common Burse in *Rom*, but *Rome's*.  
Built after the manner of *Frankford*, and *Eudent*.  
There where the greatest Marts and meeting places.  
Of marchants are haue streets and pent-houses,  
And as I might compare them to themselves,  
Like *Lumber-street* before this Buisse was built.

*Enter sir Thomas Ramfis.*

1. *Lord.* I haue seene the like in *Bristow*,

*Ram.* Good morrow to your honours.

2. *Lord.* Thanks to my good Lord Major.

VVe are gazing here of *M. Greshams* worke.

*Ram.* I thinke you haue not seene a goodlier Frame.

2. *Lord.* Not in my life, yet I haue been in *Venice*,  
In the *Realto* there called *S. Markes*,  
Tis but a bable if compar'd to this.

The nearest that which most resembles this,  
Is the great Burse in *Antwerpe*, yet not comparable  
Either in height or widnesse: the faire Sellerage,  
Or goodly shoppes about: O my Lord Major,  
This *Gresham* hath much grac't your Citty *London*,  
His fame will long out-live him.

1. *Lord.* It is reported you sir *Thomas Ramfis* are as rich as he.  
This should incite you to such noble workes,  
To eternize you.

*Ram.*

*If you know not me,*

*Ram.* Your Lordship pleases to be pleasant with me,  
I am the meanest of a many men  
In this faire Cittie, M. *Gresham* fame  
Drawes me as a spectator amongst others,  
To see his cost, but not compare with it.

1. *Lord.* And it is cost indeed.

2. *Lord.* But when to fit these emptie roomes about here,  
The pictures grauen of all the English Kings  
Shall be set ouer and in order plac'd,  
How glorious will it then be?

1. *Lord.* Admirable!

*Ram.* These very Pictures will surmount my wealth.

1. *Lord.* But how will M. *Gresham* name this place?

2. *Lord.* I heard my L. of *Leicester* to the *Queene*  
Highly commend this worke, and she then promit'd  
To come in person and heare christen it,  
It cannot haue a better God-mother:  
This *Gresham* is a royall Citizen.

*Ram.* He feasts this day the *Russian* Ambassadour,  
I am a bidden Guest:  
Where if it please you.

1. *Lord.* Good fir *Thomas*,  
VVe know what you would say, VVe are his Guests  
Inuited two: yet in our way we tooke  
This wonder worth our paynes, it is our way  
To Bishop-gate to M. *Greshams* house,  
Thether so please you wee'l associate you.

*Enter Gresham leading in the Ambassadour, Musick,  
and a Banquet serued in: the Ambassadour set:*

*Enter Sr Tho. Ramfis, the 2. Lords, my Lady  
Ramfis the Weights in Sergeants gowns  
with one Interpreter.*

*Gresh.* Lords all at once welcome, welcome at once,  
You come to my new buildings vp-sitting,  
It hath beene long in labour now deliuer.  
anon wee haue a health to it.

*This*

*you know no body.*

This Russian Prince the Embassadors Ambassadour  
Dooth not our Language vnderstand: Interpreter,  
Say that the wee bidde him wel-come.

*Inter.* The Prince speakes Latine,  
And in that language wee le interpret for him:  
*Salutem tibi optat & aduentum tuum grauissime*  
*iste Londinensis.*

*Amb.* *Isfum libens audio, ages illi meo nomine Ex*  
*animo gratias, fride quod bibamus.*

*Inter.* He gladly thanks you for his royall wel-come  
And drinckes to you.

*Gresh.* We vnderstand that signe.  
Come let our full crown'd cups o'reflow with wine,  
Wel-come againe faire Lords.

*2. Lord.* Thanks M. *Gresham.*  
VVe haue beene viewing of your workes.

*Gresh.* My Burse how doe you like it Lord,  
It is a pretie bable.

*2. Lo.* Tis a faire worke,  
Her Maiestie intends to name the place.

*Gresh.* She doth her seruant *Gresham* too much grace,  
It will be pretie when my Pictures come  
To fill those emptie roomes, if that holdes,  
That ships rich is worth her waight in gold,

*1. Lo.* It will be rare and famous.

*Gresh.* VVhat was it that the Russian whispered?

*Inter.* He aske me what interpreter the Queene  
VVould in his Embasse employ.

*Gresh.* None, tell him none.

For though a woman, she is a rare Linguist,  
VVhere other Princes vse Interpreters,  
She *propria voce*, I haue some Latin too:  
She of her selfe heares all their Embassies,  
And her selfe answers them without Interpreter,  
Both Spanish, Latin, French, and Greeke,  
Dutch, and Italian, so let him know:  
My Lord of *Lecester* sent me word last night,  
And I am prouder on't then on my building,

*If you know not me,*

The Queene to grace me and my workes the more,  
The severall Ambassadors then will heare,  
And them in person answer.

2. Lord. Tis most true.

*Enter a Gentleman whispering to sir Thomas Rampsie.*

*Gresham.* The Russian with the French.

What would that Gentleman sir Thomas?

*Ram.* He is a Marchant and a Jeweller:

Mongst other stones he saith he hath a Pearle  
Orient and round, waighing so many carets  
That it can scarce be valed: the French king,  
And many other Dukes haue for the riches  
And prize refus'd to buy it: now he comes,  
To offer it to this Ambassadour.

*Gresh.* Shew him the Pearle Interpreter:  
The Lord Ambassadour.

*Inter.* Mercator quidam & aurifex spectandum, tibi profero  
Gemmam domine serenissime.

*Amb.* Et pulchra & principe digna interroga quanti iudicai?

*Inter.* He commends it to be both rich and faire,  
And desires to know how you value it.

*Mar.* My prise sir, is fiftene hundred pound.

*Amb.* Quanti valet?

*Inter.* At ille quingentis minis,

*Amb.* Non, non nimis peccata est ista Gemma.

*Inter.* He saith it is too deare, he will not buy it.

*Gresh.* I will peruse your pearle, is that your prise?

*Mar.* I cannot bate one crowne and gaine by it.

*Enter a Marriner.*

*Gresh.* Wee'l not be accessarie to your Losse,  
And yet consider all things some may thinke vs  
To be but bare of treasure at this time,  
Hauing disburs't so much about our workes:  
Yet if our ships and Trade in Barbarie  
Hold currant we are well: what newes from Sea,  
How stands my ships?

*Mar.* Your ships in which all the Kings pictures were,  
From Brute vnto our Queene Elizabeth:

Drawne

*you know no body.*

Drawne in white-marble, by a storme at sea  
Is wrack't and lost.

*Gresh.* The Losse, I way not this:  
Onely it greeues me that my famous building,  
Shall want so rich and faire an ornament.

*L. Ram.* It touches all the Cittie; for those pictures  
Had doubly grac't this royall edifice.

*Ram.* Me thinkes the ships losse most should trouble you.

*Gresh.* My ships but wealth, why we haue wealth;  
The pictures were the grace of my new Burse,  
So I might them in their true forme behold,  
I car'd not to haue lost their waights in gold.

*1. Lord.* A noble Citizen. *Enter a Factor.*

*Gresh.* Our Factor, what good newes from Barbarie?  
What sayes the King, speake, didst thou sommon him?  
Or hast thou brought my threescore thousand pound?  
Or shall I haue the Sugars at that rate?  
If so, new marble Pictures weele haue wrought,  
And in a new ship from beyond-sea brought,

*Fact.* The King that in the regall chaire succedes  
The King late dead I summon'd, and demanded  
Either your money tendred, or the Sugars  
After the rate propos'd, hee denied both.  
Alleaging though he was successiue heire,  
He was not therefore either tide to pay  
The late Kings debts, nor yet to stand vnto  
Vnnecessarie bargaines: notwithstanding  
To gratifie your loue, the King hath sent you  
As presents, not as satisfaction.

A costly dagger, and a paire of slippers,  
And there's all for you three-score thousand pound.

*Gresh.* Birlady a deare bargain.

*1. Lord.* I feare me this will plague him, a strange crosse,  
How will he take this newes, losse vpon losse.

*2. Lord.* Nay, will it not yndoe him, doth he not wish  
his buildings in his purse.

*Gresh.* A dagger that's well,  
A payre of slippers come vnto my shooes,



*If you know not me,*

What 30. thousand pound in sterling money,  
And payd me all in slippers, then Hoboyes play,  
On slippers ile daunce all my care away:  
Fit, fit, he had the iust length of my foot,  
You may report Lords when you come to Court,  
You *Gresham* saw a paire of slippers weare  
Cost thirtie thousand pound.

1. *Lo.* Somewhat too deare.

Nor yet for all this treasure we haue lost,  
Repents it vs one penny of our cost.

2. *Lo.* As royall in his vertues as his buildings,

*Ram.* These losses would haue kild me.

*Gresh.* Jeweller,

Let's see thy pearle: goe pound it in a Morter,  
Beate it to powder then returne it me,  
What Dukes, and Lordes, and these Ambassadors  
Haue euen before our face refusd to purchase

As of too high a price to venture on,  
*Gresham* a London Marchant here will buy.

VVhat is it broken small? fill vs some wine,

Fuller, yet fuller till the brim o're-flows,

Here 16000. pound at one clap goes,

In stead of Sugar, *Gresham* diinkes this pearle

Vnto his Queene and Mistresse: pledge it Lords,

Who euer saw a Marchant brauelier fraught,

In dearer slippers of a richer draught?

*L. Ram.* You are an honour to all English Merchants

As bountifull as rich, as Charitable

As rich as renowned as any of all.

*Gresh.* I doe not this as prodigall of my wealth,

Rather to shew how I esteeme that losse

Which cannot be regain'd, A London Marchant

Thus tread on a kings present: Jeweller,

My Factor shall deliuer you your money.

And Lords so please you but to see my Schoole,

Of the seven learned liberall Sciences,

Which I haue founded here neere Byshope-gate,

I will conduct you. I will make it Lords

*you know no body.*

An Vniuersitie within it selfe,  
And giu't from my reuenewes maintenance.  
We are not like those that are not liberall  
Till they be dying, what wee meane to giue,  
Wee wil bestow, and see done whilst we liue.  
Attendance, come, th'ambassadors, guesse all,  
Your welcom's great, albeit your cheer's but small

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Tarnicate with a speed.*

Tarn. Hard world, when men dig liuing out of stones,  
As wretched miserable I am infor't:  
And yet there liues more pittie in the earth,  
Then in the flint-bosomes of her children,  
For shee's content to haue her aged brest  
Mangled with matrocks, rent and torne with spades,  
To giue her children and their children bread,  
When man more flinty then her stonie Ribbes  
That was their mother, neither by intreates,  
Teares, nor complaints will yeeld them sustinance,  
But tis our ages fault the mightier,  
Teare liuing out of vs, we out of her.

*Enter Hobson in his gowne and slippers.*

Hob. Mother a me what a thick myst is here;  
I walked abroad to take the mornings ayre,  
And I am out of knowledge, bones a me  
What Meads, what Inclosures haue we here?  
How now old Hobson, doat in thine old age?  
A foole a threescore, whether wilt thou wit?  
I crost the water in my gowne and slippers,  
To see my rents and buildings of the Bancke-side,  
And I am slipt cleane out of ken, fore-god  
A wooll-gathering.

Tarn. Either mine eare's deceiued,  
Or I should know that tonguet tis so indeed,  
Each word he speakes makes my torne heart to bleed.

Hob. Ha, ha, I smile at my owne foolerie,  
Now I remember mine old Granmother  
Would talke of Fayries and Hobgoblins,

*If you know not me,*

That would lead milke-maldes ouer hedge and ditch,  
Make them milke their M. neighbours kine,  
And ten to one this *Robin Godfellow*, *Tawnicote digger*,  
Hath led mee vp and downe the mad mans maze.  
I heare some companie, for shame all whist,  
Sit thee downe *Hobson* a right man, in the mist.

*Taw.* Tis he alas, when the rough hand of want  
Hath cast vs downe, it loades vs with mishaps:  
I broke my day with him, O had that fatall houre  
Broken me-heart: and Villaine that I was,  
Neuer so much as write in my excuse,  
And he for that default hath sew'd my bill,  
And with an execution is come downe  
To seaze my houldhold stuffe, imprison me,  
And turne my wife and children out of dores,  
What shall I flie him? no hee's pitifull:  
Then with my teares I will importune him:  
God saue you M. *Hobson*.

*Hob.* *Hobson*, Bones a mee,  
VVhat voyce is that? art thou a man, or friend?  
Tell me if thou bee'st that Will of the wispe,  
That leadst me this wild Morice: I coniure thee  
To leaue mee to my selfe,

*Tim.* O M. *Hobson*,  
As euer you haue beene a poore mans friend,  
Continue still so, Insult not or'e thy fortunes,  
*Hob.* I am in the mist, what art thou, speak?

*Tim.* A Debter of your worships.  
*Hob.* A Debter of mine, mother of me thou lyest,  
I know thee not, nor doe I know this place:  
If thou owest me any thing, pay mee with thy loue,  
And if thou bee'st acquainted in these woods,  
Conduct me to some Towne, or direct roade  
That leads to London, and ile here discharge thee  
Of debts and duties, and beside impart  
Somewhat to cherish thee.

*Taw.* What should I thinke?  
He knowes mee, and for feare I should escape him,

*you know no bodie.*

Hee would entice me to the Officers.

O Master *Hobson* tho not for mine owne,  
Yet for my wife and my poore childrens sakes,  
If your intent bee to imprison mee,  
Vpon my knees I doe intreat you spare mee:  
The goods you trusted mee withall, I haue not wasted  
In royt and excesse, but my kind heart,  
Seeing my helpelesse neighbours in distresse,  
By reason of the long and extreame dearth,  
Some I relieued, some trusted with my goods,  
Whose poutenies not able to repay.  
Then beare with me a little, your rich store  
Hath sau'd my life and fed a hundreth more.

*Hob.* Now bones a mee another *Tamiscoote*:

What's thy name Knauc? *Taw.* *Iohn Rowland sit,*

*Hobson.* Bones a mee!

I thought as much: art not thou *Tamiscoote*?

*Taw.* I am the man whom you cal'd *Tamiscoote*.

*Hob.* And I the *Hobson* that will pitie thee:

Now bones a mee, what makest thou with a spade?

*Taw.* This spade alas, tis all the wealth I haue,  
VVhen my poore wife and children cry for bread,  
They still must cry till these haue purchas'd it:  
They must goe naked till these hardened hands,  
VVhen the cold breth of VVinter strikes on them,  
Till these haue earn'd it.

*Hob.* Now alas good soule,

It melts my heart to heare him, and mine eyes  
Could weepe for companie, what earn'st a day?

*Taw.* Little God knowes:

Though I be stirring earlier then the Larke,  
And at my labour later then the Lambe,  
Towards my wife and childrens maintenance;  
I scarcely earne me three-pence by the day.

*Hob.* Alas the while, poore soule I pittie them,  
And in thy words as in a looking-glasse,  
I see the toyle and trauell of the country,  
And quiet gaine of citties blessednesse,

*If you know not me,*

Heraucos will for all, and should not we respect it  
We were vnworthy life: but bones of me,  
Dost thou thinke to pay me twentie pound,  
And keepe thy charge, earning a groat a day?

*Tim.* God bleſſe my labours, I hope I ſhall,  
I haue this quarter by exceeding thrift,  
Bare clothing, and ſpare diet ſcrap't together  
Fiuſe ſhillings in a purſe which I lay vp,  
Towards your ſhipps debt.

*Hob.* Giue it me, ſomewhat hath ſome ſauour,  
And yet ſhal I ſpend that which the poore laborer got?  
No God forbid, old *Hobſon* nere will eate,  
Rather then ſurſet vpon poore mens ſweat:  
Take it againe, and by thy children bread.  
But ſoft the miſt doth breake, what towne is this?

*Tim.* Dedford and it like your worſhip.

*Enter Timotheus,*

*Hob.* Bones a me, to Dedford came I to doe charitie:  
I ſee t'was Gods appointment,  
But who comes here, bones a me honeſt *Tim*;  
T'was ſaid in London you were bound for France,  
And I determined to haue write by you.

*Tim.* By yea and nay, *M. Hobſon* tis no vntruth, I was bound  
for France, landed in France, diſpatch't ſome ſecret buſineſſe for a  
ſiſter in France, and from her haue french tokens to deliuer to the  
ſiſter hood, whom I ſhall firſt incounter in England.

*Hob.* Bones a me *Tim*, ſo ſpeedy in your iourney,  
It ſeemes your buſineſſe was of much import.

*Tim.* Verely it was, and it ſtood chiefly betweene two wo-  
men: & as you know women loue to haue their buſineſſe diſpatch't.

*Hob.* Mother a me *Tim*, I am glad of it,  
But how doo's my factor *John Greſham* in France?

*Tim.* You grauely may better conſider of that then I can diſ-  
courſe, but withall I pray you thinke hee is a wilde youth: there  
are *Tauernes* in France, yet I doe not thinke *John Greſham* is gi-  
uen to frequent them, & yet I muſt remember you, he is a youth,  
and youth may be drawne to expences, England's on this ſide  
France, on it, the Sea betwixt him and his Maſter, but I doe

not

*you know no body.*

not thinke him guiltie, yet I could say.

*Hob.* Mother of mee, leaue of these Parables,  
And tell me plainly, is hee not a wench?

*Tim.* By yea, and by nay sir without Parable, I am no tale, I haue scene him in company with Madona such a one, or such a one, it becomes not flesh and blood to reueale: your worship knowes he is in France, the Sea betwixt him and you, and what a yong youth in that case is prooue vnto: your grauitie is wife, Ile not say so much as I saw him drinking with a French Lady, or Lasse in a Tauerne, because your grauitie is wife, but if I had, it had beene lesse then perhaps you imagine on such a wilde youth, as he no question doos deserue.

*Hob.* Mother of mee tis so, In a French Tauerne  
Kissing the Ladie, and the Sea betwixt vs:

I am for you *M. Iohn* thus in my gowne and slippers,  
And night-cap and gowne ile steppe ouer to France,  
Here *Tarnicore*, receiue thou my seald ring,  
Beare it to my Factor, bid him by that token  
Sort thee out fortie pounds worth of such wares  
As thou shalt think most beneficiall:  
Thou art a free-man, vp with thy Trade agen,  
Ile raise thee *Reguland*, if God say Amen.

*Tam.* I know not how.

*Hob.* Tut bones a mee man peace,  
*Hobson* will doo't; Thou owest me but twentie pound,  
Ile venture fortie more, *Timothy* here shall be thy witnesse  
To my Factor in this businesse.  
To all our friends in London say, I am gone  
Oner to France, I am for your *M. Iohn*,

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Iohn and Courtzan.*

*Courtz.* Sweet youth thou art too yong, and yet scarfe ripe  
To taste the sweetnesse of my mellowed loue.

*Iohn.* That's the reason I set thy teeth an edge thus, but thou knowst I promis'd to haue about with thee at our last parlay, and I am come to performe my word, nathe weapon.

*Courtz.* Nothing but kisses, and enticing lookes,

*Iohn.* Then ward your lips well, or youle ha the first venney.

G

*Cour-*



*If you know not me,*

I have no warde but this; my tender Sex  
Have not the manly skill to breake a thrust:  
Oh how I dote on thee / I have tride ere now  
The sweatie Spaniard, and the carowing Dane,  
The foggy Dutch-man, and the fiery French,  
The briske Italian, and indeede what not:  
And yet of all and all, the Englishman  
Shall goe for me: I yo' are the truest Louers,  
The abest, last night, and the truest men  
That breath beneath the Sunne.

*John.* Why then the Englishman for thy money, God a mercy  
little rogue, there's no loue lost ile assure thee. I am my Ma-  
sters Factor, and thou hast a Commoditie that I must needs take  
vp, and not en'er't into his Cash-booke neither. Little shinkes  
my master in England, what ware I deale withall here in France:  
but since tis offer'd me at the best hand, ile venture on't though I  
be a looker by the bargaine.

*Car.* I would be private, least the tell-tale ayre  
VVhisper our loue, I prethe let vs in,  
To the inner chamber, I am ielous  
Of all eyes but mine owne to looke vpon thee,  
I would haue none to see thee but my selfe:  
Inamorous armes to fold thee but my selfe:  
To associate, talke, discourse or dally with thee:  
Clasp, graspe hands, or kisse thee but my selfe.

*John.* VVho would not be a Marchant venturer, and lay out  
for such a faire returne: I shall venture the doubling of my years  
presently: I thinke I haue met with a better Commoditie then  
Matches, and my Master cannot say but hee hath met with his  
match: this tis to haue the Land & the Sea betwixt me & my mo-  
Pe, here can I keepe my french Reuels, and none say so much as  
blake is mine eye, prethe little pinckany bestow this Jewell a me,

*Car.* This Jewell's a Loue: aske my life tis thine:  
But this an English factor whom you know  
Gave me at his departure out of Rhouane,  
And I haue vow'd to keepe it for his sake,  
Any thing but this Jewell.

*John.* But if I could get his Jewell cleanly, and carry it him

OVER



*you know no body.*

ouer at my returne for a token, t'were a leſt worth laughing at;  
but and thou wilt not giue me this lewell, prethe giue mee this  
ſame chaine to were for thy ſake.

*Curtiz.* This was another Countrey-mans of yours,  
He made me ſweare to kep't till his returne:  
Aſke me aught elſe, tis thine.

*Iohn.* Why then this Ring.

*Curtiz.* That you of all the ſauours that I weare  
Could finde out nothing but this ring? This ring,  
A toy not worth the giuing: yet I ſooner  
Would part with life then this, a dying friend  
Bequeath'd it at his death: But honey Loue  
What ſhouldſt thou talke of giuing, tis a word  
Worne out of uſe, it ſounds not well in French:  
A man ſhould ſtill ſay take, take to his Wench.

*Iohn.* Then I ſay take, take this and this, ſtill take heed of me  
leaſt I ſhew you a ſlipperic tricke for this, tis the kindeſt wench in  
Chriſtendome, but ſheele part with nothing?  
Shall we haue another woing Room?

*Curtiz.* What Romic thou pleaſeſt, deare heart I agree,  
VVhere ere I goe, there ſhall be roome for thee.

*Iohn.* Any then, I may chance to make you wiſh rather my  
roome then, my companie and you looke not the better too't.

*They with-draw: Enter at the other end of the*

*Stage, Holſon in his Gowne and ſlippers.*

*Holſon.* I haue ſlipt o'r into France, and in my ſlippers  
Given all my friends the ſlippe, to ſee this Gallant  
My man, he that hath matcht mee bones a me,  
The knaue's a Prophet, elſe it could not be.  
Hee's not at his Lodging; yet by an Engliſh Factor,  
A fellow knowes not me, I was directed  
Vnto this houſe, Ile know what buſines  
The knaue hath here.

*Peiſat.*

*Intrat Puella.*

*Wench.* VVhoſe there? whoſe at the doore? (man?)

*Hob.* Damsell good day, is there not a fellow here an Engliſh-  
Here's an Engliſh-man, but none of your fellow acither: I hope  
for we are not all fellows at foote-ball.

G 2

*Holſon,*

*If you know not me,*

*Hob.* Nay bones a me Gidle, there's no reason we should be fellows, but prethe my wench is there not one *Lack Gresham* here?

*Wench.* No goodman looke like a Goufe, but ther's one *M. Iohn Gresham* an English Gentleman here: and you know no manners, you would be taught some.

*Hob.* Bones a me goodman Master, Master servant, Old goodman *Hobson* keeps Gentlemen to his men *Lack* turn'd to *M. Iohn*, mary fir reuerence, The french maid taught me manners: well I hope VVe shall haue a fight of the Gentleman.

*Wench.* As you vie your selfe you may, and you may not.

*Exit Ambo.*

*Fall: Curtiz.*

*Iohn.* Thou seest this Jewell well becomes mine eate, This Ring my signer, and this chaine myne arme,

*Curtiz.* He be thy lewell at thy lippes ile hang,  
And as this Ring thy finger compasseth,

So shall these a me's thy waste: these are but toyes,  
Let me displace them.

*Intrat Puella.*

*Wench.* *M. Iohn* here's a fellow below would speake with you.

*Iohn.* VVith me, what is he?

*Wench.* A simple Coxecombe, he call him vp to you,

*Iohn.* Doe my sweet *Buffamacke*: some Carrier or base knaue that hangs of my liberalitie: I hope tis not pure *Tim*, come for the second part of my beneuolence:

Admit him in that he may praise our fate,  
And see vs in our choicest pompe and state.

*Wench.* Here's the fellow I told you of sir.

*Intrat Hobson.*

*Iohn.* Zoonets my Master.

*Hob.* Sante amen: Man *Iohn*, a wenchart Knaue, racke and manger knaue: bones a me, cannot a snatch and away serue your turne, but you must lie at racke and manger? Is this the ware you deale with seruant *Iohn*?

*Iohn.* Chap-mans ware sir.

*Hob.* Sirra, Sirra, the dealing with such warre belongs not to our Trade: bones a me knaue, a Prentise must not occupie for him selfe but for his Master, to any purpose.

*Iohn.*

*you know no body.*

*John.* And hee cannot occupie for his Master without the consent of his Mistresse.

*Hob.* Comey'are a knaue.

*Job.* Of your owne bringing vp sir.

*Hobf.* Besides, thou canst not keepe open shop here, because thou art a forrainer, by the lawes of the Realme.

*Job.* Not within the libertie: but I hope the suburbs tollerates any man or woman to occupie for themselves, they may doo't in the Citie too, and they be naturaliz'd once.

*Hobf.* I but sirra, Ile haue none of my English Prentises Frenchesied; bones a me knaue, Ile haue thee deale with no such broken Commodities.

*Job.* Your Worship must haue such as the Country yeelds, or none at all. But I pray ye sir, what's oör trade?

*Hobf.* What sayst thou knaue?

*John.* That your worship is a Haberdasher of all wares.

*Hobf.* Eones of me, a Haberdasher of small wares.

*Job.* And that the worst trade in all Christendome, and especially for French women: If they know a man to be a Haberdasher of small ware, thei'le haue no dealing with him, and therefore and you will haue any good Commodities here, you must change your copie, you neuer were a traveller: and therefore you know not what belongs too't; But you doe cleane mistake this Gentlewoman, and you take her for a light wench, weigh her in equall ballance, and you shall find her no such woman, no such woman Ile assure you.

*Hobf.* No, what is she then *John*?

*Job.* Fore God sir, I would not haue you wrong the Gentlewoman's repute, for a world. This *Mistresse* deales for her selfe and hath many sorts of ware at command, I was now bargaining with her about a certaine Countrey Commodity, and had not your coming mar'd the Match, oue had gone through for't. And further should you wrong the Ladies reputation here in Fraunce, Ile assure you they haue the law of their sides, but to confirme your good opinion of her, this is she of whom I tooke vp your Commodity of Matches; be sorry for your offence, and excuse you to her for my maister.

*Hobf.* Bones a me knaue, I cannot speake a word of French.

*If you know not me,*

*Job.* Nor she of English, but a's one; vpon her Master, and  
what you cannot doe in words, perfourme in dumbe signes:  
What in your slippers come to take me napping!  
He giue you what you come for instantly,  
And on the sudden make you so agast,  
You will be glad to pardon what is past.

*Hobf.* Madam, I crie you mercie for this wrong  
Done to your Ladyship, I did suspect you  
For a bad liuer, but I see you cleare,  
For which mistake, I doe remaine your seruant.

*Courtez.* Grametic Mounfier.

*Hobf.* How, would you my gray Mare see? If it like your  
Ladyship, I came by water, and neither of Mares backe, nor  
horie backe.

*Courtez.* No, no point parla Francoi.

*Hobf.* No indeede Ladie, my name is not *Franuch*, your ser-  
uant and *John Hobson*.

*Courtez.* No point?

*Hobf.* No points; yes indeede Ladie, I haue points at my  
hose, though I goe vntrust.

*Courtez.* No point parla.

*Hobf.* I haue no points in my parlour indeede, but I haue a  
hundred pounds worth in my shop. *Intra Job: cum alijs Fall.*

*John.* Tush feare not lads, for he knowes none of you,  
Doe but busse out a little broken French,  
And hee'le neuer take you to be Englishmen.

*Omnes Fall.* We'll second the tother, but mannage it.

*Job.* Be patient I beseech you Gentlemen,  
Though you be officers, appointed here  
To search suspected places, as this is  
A most notorious filthy bawdie house,  
And carrie all old rustie Fornicators  
About the age of fiftie vnto prison,  
Yet know, th's is an honest Gentleman.

*Hobf.* A search, and this a bawdie house? why *John*,  
Booes a me knaue, How comes this to passe?

*1. Fall.* *Measar man a rooy.*

*Hobf.* How, must you haue money of me? He know where-  
fore

*you know no body.*

*Tell first, by your leaues.*

*John.* Nay Master I would it were but a money matter,  
A Cage, or whipping-post, or so, tis worse:  
What an old man to chide his Prentise hence,  
As if he had some priuat businesse,  
And then himselfe get close vnto his wench;  
Nay whipping's all too good, had you found me so,  
There had been worke ynough, there had been newes  
For England, and a whole twelue months chiding  
Of my good vncle.

2. *Fall: Is your sister an Amitt.*

*Hobf.* Ho v, must I goe to prison for doing amisse?

*Job.* To prison? nay to whipping, I am sorrie,  
And to my power I will intreat for you: Fie Master, fie.

*H.bf.* Bones a me *John*, is not this a Ladie?

*Job.* No by my troth Master, such as in the Garden-allies,  
*Joane's* as good as this French Ladies.

*Hobf.* Is not this Gentlewoman a dealer?  
And hath she not a good commoditie?

*Job.* Yes by my faith sir, I confesse both.

*H.bf.* Hath she not ware?

*Job.* She hath, and at a reasonable reckoning.

*H.bf.* And may not then a chapman deale with her?

*Job.* Marry may ye sir, and Ile send news to your wife of yout  
The cause of your coming to *France* shalbe knowne, (dealings:  
And what second hand commodities you tooke vp  
Since your coming, my mistresse in *England* shall know  
What vterance you haue for your small wares in *France*:  
Pen and inke, Ile set it downe in blacke and white,

*H.bf.* Bones a me *John*, what *John*? why honest *Job*?

*Job.* Harry commendation: — vnderstand, — euer send my sister  
*H.bf.* found with a whore in *Rouen*, — place, a common  
bawdie house, — must be whipt.

*Hobf.* No more good *John*.

*Job.* You haue had none yet, — whie about the rownes

*H.bf.* See honest *John*, why bones a me knaue *John*.

*Jo.* in witness whereof, all these honest gentlemen ere-witnesses,  
haue set to their hands, nay my mistresse shall know't, that's flie:

*If you know not me,*

are there not Wenches ynow in England, but you must walke ouer sea in your slippers, and venture (being not shod) to come into Fraunce a wenching, what an old man too! she shall know what a slipperis trick you would haue serued her in your slippers in Fraunce.

*Hobf:* Nay, bones a me *Iohn*, friends, sweet *Iohn* all friends; I doe confesse tha't o'reache thy matter,  
Ca me, ca thee, conceale this from my wife,  
And Ile keepe all thy knauerie from thine vnkle.

*Ioh:* Well sir, In hope of amendment, I am content, and yet

*Hobf:* Nay, bones a me, Ile take you at your word,  
Besides I hope these honest Gentlemen  
Will saue my credite.

*Ioh:* Ile entreat for you.

*Hobf:* Tis Logicks to me sir, I vnderstand you not.

*Ioh:* Marry sir they say, if you will walke with them to their lodgings, for my sake they inuite you to dinner.

*Hobf:* God a mercie Gentlemen, God a mercie *Iohn*, but bones a me knaue, where are their lodgings?

*Ioh:* Hard by, for why doe you aske?

*Hobf:* I hope they'le bring me to no more bawdie houses,  
I would not be taken napping againe for two and one:  
But Gentlemen Ile accept of curtesie, and then *Iohn*  
You shall with me to England, weele shew Fraunce  
Our backs. And you will needs deale for your selfe,  
Afore your time, you shall doe't in England.  
VWill you walke Gentlemen?

*Curst:* Adieu Mounfier, and *Gresham* farewell too,  
No more of French loue, no more french losse shall doe. *Exeunt.*

*Enter sir Thomas Ransley being Maor, Sheriffe,  
Sword-bearer. &c.*

*Sir Tho:* VWell sayd my Masters, see all things be readie,  
To giue her Maiestie such entertaince  
As may grace London, and become the state  
Her highnesse brings along,  
VWhere's the Queene now?  
She comes along the Strand from *Sommersets* house,  
Through Temple-barre, downe fleet-street, and the cheape,

The



*you know no body.*

The North side of the Burse to Bishops gate,  
And dines at master *Greshams*, and appoints  
To returne on the South side through Corne-hill,  
And there when she hath viewd the roomes aboue,  
And walkes below, she'le giue name to the Burse.

*Sheriffe.* The streets are fit, and all the Companies  
Plac't in their liueries gainst her returne.  
But my Lord Maior, shall these ambassadors  
This day haue audience?

*Sir Thom:* Admittance if not audience was graunted,  
See therefore Trumpets, and all kinds of Musicke  
Be plac't against her royall interuiew,  
The steps with Arras spread where she ascends,  
Besides giue charge vnto the shop-keepers  
To make their best shewes in the vpper roomes,  
Because the Queene intends to compasse it.

*Sheriff.* Tis done my Lord.

*Trumpets a farr off.*

*Sir Tho:* The Queen hath din'd, the Trumpets sound already,  
And giue note of her comming, bid the Waites  
And Hoboyes to be readie at an instant.

*Enter at one dore the Queene, Leicester, Suffex, Lords, Greshams,  
at the other Cassimer, the French and Florentine  
Ambassadors, Sir Tho: Ramsay, &c.*

*Queen, Lester and Suffex,* are those the Ambassadors?

*Lest.* They are dread Soueraigne, he that formost stands,  
The Emperours, the second is the French,  
The last is the Florentine.

*Queen.* We will receiue them,

*Here the Queene entertaines the Ambassadors,  
and in their severall languages con-  
fers with them.*

*Suffex* and *Lester* place the ambassadours,  
We at our Court of *Greenwich* will dilate  
Further of these designs, where's *Gresham*?

*Gresh.* Your humble subiect and seruant.

*Queen.* Our lease now serves to suruey your Burse,  
A goodly frame, a rare proportion.



*If you know not me,*

This Citty our great Chamber cannot shew vs  
To adde vnto our fame, a monument

Of greater beautie: *Lecester* what sayst thou?

*Lecest.* That Imy Soueraigne haue not seen the like.

*Queen.* *Sussex* nor you?

*Enter Hobson.*

*Susf.* Madam not I: This *Greshams* worke of stone,

VWill liue to him when I am dead and gone.

*Hob.* God blisse thy Grace *Queene Bess.*

*Queen.* Friend, what are you?

*Hob.* Knowest thou not mee *Queene*? then thou knowest no  
Bones a me *Queen*, I am *Hobson*, and old *Hobson* (body:  
By the *Stockes*, I am sure you know me.

*Queen.* VVhat is he *Lecester*, doost thou know this fellow?  
*Gresham* or you?

*Gresh.* May it please your Maiestie,  
He is a rich substantiall Citizen.

*Hob.* Bones a me woman send to borrow money  
Of one you doe not know, there's a new trick:  
Your Grace sent to me by a Pursuant,  
And by a priuie Seale to lend your Highnesse  
An hundred pound: I hearing that my *Queene*  
Had need of money, and thinking you had knowne me,  
Would needes vpon the bearer, force two hundred:  
The *Queene* should haue had three rather then faile,  
I by this hand *Queene Bess.*, I am olde *Hobson*  
A Haberdasher, and dwelling by the *Stockes*:  
VVhen thou seest money with thy Grace is scant,  
For twice fise hundred pound thou shalt not want.

*Queen.* Vpon my bond.

*Hob.* No, no my Soueraigne,  
He take thine owne word without skrip or scrowle.

*Queen.* Thankes honest *Hobson*, as I am true mayde,  
He see my selfe the money backe repaid:  
Thou without grudging lendest, thy Purse is free,  
Honest as plaine.

*Susf.* A true well meaning man I warrant him.

*Gresh.* Your Maiestie promist to giue the name

To

*you know no body.*

To my new Burse.

*Queen.* *Gresham* we will. A Herauld and a Trumpet.

*Left.* A Herauld and a Trumpet.

*Queen.* Proclaime through euerie high street of this citie,  
This place to be no longer cal'd a Burse,  
But since the building's stately, faire and strange,  
Be it for euer cal'd, the Royall Exchange. *A flourish here.*  
And whil'st this voice flyes through the citie forth-right,  
Arise *Sir Thomas Gresham* now a Knight,  
Be our Ambassadors conducted all  
Vnto their seuerall lodgings: this 23. of Ianuarie  
A thousand, five hundred, and seuentie, *Elizabeth*  
Christens this famous worke: now to our Court  
Of *Greenwich*; *Gresham*, thanks for our good cheere:  
We to our people, they to vs are deere.

*Enter Nowell and Ladie Rampe.*

*La. Ram.* What thinke you of my Husband master Deane,

*Now.* As of all men, we are mortall, made of clay,  
Now healthfull, now crasie; now sicke, now well;  
Now liue, now dead, and then to heauen, or hell.

*La. Ram.* It cheer's my heart, now in his deepe of sicknesse,  
He is so charitable, and so well adicted

Vnto the poore's reliefe.

*Now.* It ioyes me too:

Great is the number of the rich in shew  
About the Citie, but of the charitable,  
There are but few.

*La. Ram.* Amongst these, I hold old *Hobson* well deseru's  
To be ranck't equall with the bountifull'st:  
He hath rais'd many falling, but especially  
One master *Rowland*, one cal'd *Tarnicore*:  
But now an able Citizen late chosen  
A Maister of the Hospitall.

*Now.* I know him well,  
A good sufficient man, and since he purchast  
His Freedome in the Citie God hath blest  
His trauaile with increase.

*La. Ram.* I haue knowne old *Hobson*,

*If you know not me,*

See with his neighbour *Gunter* a good man,  
In Christ's Church morne by morne, to watch poore couples  
That come there to be married, and to be  
Their common fathers, and glue them in the Church,  
And some few Angels for a dower to boot,  
Besides they two are cal'd the common Gossops -  
To witnesse at the Fun for poore mens Children,  
Nor they refuse that on their helpe doe call,  
And to speake truth, they're bountifull to all, *Enter Hobson.*

*Hobf.* Good morrow Master Doctor; my good Ladie!  
Bones a me woman, thou look'st sad to day.

Thou hast not drunke a cup of sacke this morning.

*La: Ram.* We have been dealing of our charitie  
This morning, to poore souldiers such as want.

*Hobf.* Gods blessing of your heart, need must be fed,  
Let vs that have it glue the hungrie bread.

*Enter Rowland alias Tarnicore.*

*Tam.* Where's master *Hobson*?

*Hobf.* My new elected master of the Hospitall,  
What hasty newes with you?

*Tam.* Oh sir, the loue I beare you makes me charie  
Of your good name, your credit's deere to me;  
You neuer were condemn'd for any thing,  
Since I had first acquaintance with your name;  
As now you are, you haue done a deed this day,  
That hath from you rane all good thoughts away.

*Hobf.* Where? bones a me why? Speake, why?

*Tam.* This day, you haue pursu'd the law seuerely  
Against one *Timothy*, that stole from you  
A hundred pound, and hee's condemn'd for it,  
And this day he must die.

*Hobf.* Bones man, tis not so.

*Tam.* He is by this, halfe way to Tyburne gone;  
The suit was followed in *John Greshams* name,  
How can you then avow you know it not?

*Hobf.* A horse, a horse, cart-horse, mault horse, anything  
To saue the knaues life, I protest, I sweare  
This was the first time that I heard the knaue

Hath

*you know no bodie.*

Hath beene in any trouble, bones of mee,  
T was done without my knowledge.

*Taw.* Yong *Gresham* in his name persude his life.

*Hob.* They are knaues both, a Horse,  
A hundred thousand pound cannot make a man:  
A hundred shall not hang one by my meanes:  
Men are more worth then monie *M. Rowland*,  
Come helpe me to a horse, the next I meete,  
To saue the knaue's life galloppes through the street.

*Exit Hobson and Tawminto.*

*Now.* Men are more worth then money, a say's true:  
Tis said by many but maintain'd by few.

*Lady.* He is plaine and honest, how many great professors  
Liue in this populous Cittie, that make shew  
Of greater zeale, yet will not pay so deare  
For a transgressors life: but few are found,  
To saue a man would loose a hundred pound. *Enter Tawminto.*

*Now.* So suddenly return'd?

*Taw.* He rid to fast for me he hath been at buffets  
With a poore Collier, and vpon his horse,  
Is without saddle, bridle, bootes or spurres,  
Gallop't toward *S. Gyles*.

*Now.* They will take him for a mad man.

*Taw.* Als one to him he doo's not stand on brauery  
So he may doe men good, good deeds excell  
And though but homely done, may be done well:

*Lady.* Heauen prosper his intent: now *M. Doctor*,  
And *M. Rowland*, let me craue your companies,  
To see my crazy husband, who hath made you  
One of his executors, and would vse your paines  
In these extreames of sickenesse.

*Now.* I am pleas'd

He giue him phisicke for a soule diseas'd. *Exeunt.*

*Enter three Lords.*

1. You are an early riser, my good Lord,
- 2 The blood of Youth that trafficks in the court  
Must not be sluggish, your kind remembrances (the trayne
- 3 My very good Lord, wee that are stars that waight vpon  
H. 3. Of

*If you know not me,*

Of such a *Cynthia* vnder which we liue  
Must not be *Tarda*.

1. You haue said true, we are starters in one houre,  
And our attendance is to waight one such a *Queene*,  
VWhose vertue all the world: but to leaue that  
VWhich euery tongue is glad to commune with,  
Since *Monsiers* first arriual in the land,  
The time that he was here, and the time since,  
VWhat royaltie hath bene in Englands Court,  
Both princely reuelling, and war-like sport.

2. Such sports doe fitly fit our Nation,  
That forraine eyes beholding what we are,  
May rather seeke our peace, then wish our warre.

3. Heaven bleſſe our Soueraigne from her foes intent,  
The peace we haue, is by her government. *Enter Doctor Parry*.

1. *M. Doctor Parry*.

2. Good Morrow *M. Doctor*.

3. You are an early riser sir,

*Doctor*. My Lord, my Lord, my very good Lord.

1. This Summer morning makes vs couetous  
To take the profit of the pleasant ayre.

*Doct*. Tis healthfull to be stirring in a Morning.

2. It hath pleasde the *Queene* to shew him many fauours,

3. You say but right, and since his last disgrace,  
The cause so great it had surely touch'd his life,  
Had not the *Queene* bene gracious: he seemes at Court  
A man more gracious in our Soueraignes eye  
Then greater subiects.

2. She hath giuen him much preferment,  
In greatest place grac't him with conference:  
Ask't for him in his absence, and indeed  
Made knowne to vs he is one in her regard.

3. But did you neuer here the cause of his disgrace?

3. He did intend the murder of a Gentleman,  
*One M. Hares* here of the Inner Temple,

And so far brought his purpose to effecte,

That *M. Hares* being priuate in his Chamber,

Hee watching as he thought fit time, broke in vpon him:

*you know no bodie.*

But he assaulted so, behau'd himselfe,  
That he did guard himselfe, and attach't him.  
From whence he was committed vnto New-gate,  
And at the Sessions by twelae honest men,  
Found guilty of Burglarie and condemn'd to die:  
And had di'd, had her Grace not pardon'd him,

2. Shee is a gracious Princeesse vnto all,  
Many shee raiseth, wisheth none should fall.

1. Fie M. Doctor,  
Your face beares not the habite it was wont,  
And your discourse is altered, what's the matter?

*Doff.* And if my brow be sad or my face pale,  
They doe belie my heart, for I am merrie.

1. Men beeing as you are, so great in grace  
With such a royall Princeesse, haue no reason.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Gent.* Roome Gentlemen for my L. high Steward.

*Enter the Earle of Leicester, all the Lords  
flocke after him, & exeunt.*

*Mumf. Parry.*

*Doff.* The discontented desire to be alone,  
My wishes are made vp, for they are gone.  
Here are no blabs but this, and this one clocke  
Ile keepe from going with a double locke:  
Yet it will strike, this day it must be done.  
What must be done? what must this engine doe?  
A deed of treason hath prepar'd mee too,  
These too, these too, why they had life by her,  
And shall these two kill their deliuerer?  
The life that makes me rise? these once my sinne  
Had forfeited, her mercie pardon'd me:  
I had beene eaten vp with wormes ere this,  
Had not her mercie giuen a life to this:  
And yet these hands if I performe my oth,  
Must kill that life, that gaue a life to both.  
I haue tane the Sacrament to doo't, confes'd  
VVith Cardinal *Cemo* about it, and receiu'd  
Full absolution from his Holynes,

*Beene*

*If you know not me,*

Beene satisfied by many holy fathers,  
During my travels both in France and Italie,  
The deed is iust and meritorious,  
And yet I am troubled when I doe remember  
The excellencie of her Maiestie,  
And I would faine desist, but that I know  
How many vowes of mine are gone to heauen,  
My letters and my promises on earth,  
To holy fathers and graue Catholicks:  
That I would doo't for good of Catholicks.  
Then in the Garden where this day shee walkes,  
Her graces I will cast behind mine eyes, *Enter Gen.*  
And by a subiects hand, a Soueraigne dyes,

*Gen.* Cleate the way Gentlemen for the *Queene:*  
*Master Doctor Parry.* *Exit Gen.*

*Doff.* O, let me see a difference in this man!  
Before this *Queene* (that I am come to kill)  
Shew'd me the gracious eye of her respect,  
And gaue me countenance mong' st greatest Earles;  
This man was forwarder to thrust me forth,  
Then now he is humble to accept me in.  
If then her Grace hath honour'd me so much,  
How can this hand giue her a treacherous touch?  
The Trumpets speake, heauen what shall I doe?  
Euen what hell, & mydam 'd heart shal thrust me too.

*Enter Queen, Leicester, and Lords.*

*Queen.* Faire day my Lords, you are all Larkes this morning,  
Vp with the Sunne, you are stirring earely.

*Leicest.* VVe are all subiects to your Soueraignes light.

• *Queen.* That you call dutie we accept as loue,  
And we doe thanke you, nay we thanke you all;  
Tis not to one, but tis in generall.

*Doff.* The *Queene* would walke apart, forbear my Lords.

*Doff.* Now, what makes me shake?  
Doe Angels guard her, or doth heauen partake  
Her refuge?

*Queen.* In such a Garden may a Soueraigne,  
Be taught her louing subiects to maintaine;

*Each*



*you know no body.*

Each Plant vnto his nature and his worth,  
Hauing full cherishing, it springeth forth.  
VVeeds must bee weeded out, yet weeded so,  
Till they doe hurt, let them a Gods name grow.

*Doct.* Now *Queene*, *He offers to kneele.*

*Queen.* VVho's there, my kind friend *M. Doctor Parry*?

*Doct.* My most dread Soueraigne.

*Queen.* VVhy doe you tremble *M. Doctor*? haue you any lust  
Shake not at vs, we doe our Subiects loue. (to vs)  
Or doos thy face shew signes of discontent  
Through any heauie want oppresseth thee?  
Though at our Court of Greene-wich thou wast crost  
In suing to be Master of Saint Katherines,  
To doe thee good seeke out a better place,  
Shew'le giue thee that, the which hath ginen thee grace.

*Doct.* I know your loue dread *Queene*: Now.

*Queen.* *M. Doctor*, about the talker we had together,  
Of English Fugitiues that seeke my life:

You told mee of them I am beholding to you.

*Doct.* I did no more then dutie: O happie time!

*Queen.* And will they still persist? doe they desire my blood?  
That wake when I should sleepe to doe them good.

*Doct.* Madam.

*Queen.* O my maker! *Parry*, Villaine, Traitour,  
VVhat doost thou with that Dagge?

*Doct.* Pardon dread Soueraigne.

*Queen.* Pardon thou villaine, shewes thou art a Traitour,  
Treason my Lords, Treason. *Enter the Lords.*

*Loft.* Ha, by the ble'st place of heauen, treason & we so neere?  
A Traitour with a Dagge, Gods holy mother.  
Lords guard the *Queene*: are you not frighted Madam?  
He play the Sergeant to arrest the wretch.

*Queen.* Be not so rash good *Leicester*, hee's dead already,  
Strucke with remorse of that he was come to doe:  
Pray let me speake with him! Say *M. Doctor*,  
VVherein haue I deseru'd an ill of you,  
Vnlesse it were an ill in pardoning you.  
What haue I done toward you to seeke my life,

*If you know not me,*

Vnlesse it were in taking you to grace.

*Dost.* Mercie dread Queene.

*Queen.* I thanke my God, I haue mercie to remit

A greater sinne, if you repent for it.

*Arise.*

*Lecest.* My Lords what do you meane, take hence that villain,

Let her goe, shee shall pardon him againe.

Good Queene we know you are too mercifull,

To deal with Traitors of this monstrous kinde.

Away with him to the tower, then to death,

A Traitors death, shall such a Traitor haue,

That seekes his Soueraignes life that did him take.

*Queen.* Good Lecest.

*Lecest.* Good Queene you must be rul'd.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Iacke Grisham.*

*Iack.* Nay shooe Iacke, hold on thy resolution: they say, that may happen in one houre that happens not againe in 7. yeare, and I should chauce to take her in the right vaine, and she kindly bestow her selfe vpon me, why then there's a man made from nothing, for before God I haue spent all and am not worth any thing, and indeed vnlesse this same good old Ladie *Ramsie* take some piec vpon me & take me for better for worse, God knowes in which of the two Counters I shall keepe my next Christmas in, but by this hand if shee will accept of mee in this miserable estate that I am in now, for before God; I haue neither money nor credite, as I am an honest man, and thats more I am fear'd, then any man will beleue of mee, ile forswear all women but her, & wil not kisse any of my neighbours wifes for a kingdome. heres the house, he knock at the doore what shal I doo't in the Countesse hutmour, with whose within there Ho, or in the Puritanic humour, with by your leaue good brother: faith in neither, for in the one I shal be taken for a swaggering knaue, and in the other to be an hypocriticall foole: but honest *Iacke* in thine own honest humour plain dealing's a Iewel, and I haue vs'd it so long I am next doore to a begger.

*Enter 2. Creditors.*

But Gods precious, what a plague make these here? these 2. are two of my Creditors, I must stoppe their mouthes, flect them from hence, or all the sats in the fire,

2. *M. Grisham*, you are well met.

*Iack.*

*Scene Fourth*

*John.* I hope Gentlemen you will say so anon. But you are alone, are you not?

1. Alone *M. Gresham*, why doe you aske?

*John.* A man hath reason to aske, being as I am, that neuer seeth his Creditors, but is a feard of the Catch-pole. But you are kind my friends, and I thanke you, you will beare with me.

1. I but *M. Gresham*, a man may beare till his backe breake.

*John.* I, Porters may; but you, that are substantiall honest Citizens, there is no feare to be made of your breaking; you know there's no man so low but God can raise him; and though I am now out at heeles, or so as you thinke, I am in the way of preferment, & hope to be able to pay euery man within this houre.

1. We should be glad to see it. 2. But how pay Sir?

*John.* How? why very easily, if I can compass it: The truth is, though you would little thinke it, I am a sutor for my *L. Rousie*.

1. But I dare sware she is no suter to you.

*Enter Lady Rousie, and D. Norrel.*

*John.* Why that's true too; for if shee were a Suter to mee, we should be man and wife straight & you should haue your money within this halfe houre. But looke, looke where shee comes: as you are good-men mum, patience and pray for my proceedings: If I do speed as I am partly perswaded, you shall haue your own with the aduantage, if I should be crost you know the worst, forbearance is no acquittance: but mum, if it prooue a match & any of you should chance to be in the Counter, you know my marriage being spread, my word will be currant, then mum.

*Nor.* Madam you are welcome into Lumber-street.

*Lady.* I thanke your curtesie, good *M. Deane*.

*John.* See how fortunately all things chance, if it happen as I hope it wil, she taking a liking to me, here is a Priest to marry vs presently Madam.

*Lady.* Would you any busines with me sir?

*John.* Faith Lady necessary busines, & not to go far about the bush, I am come to be a Suter vnto you, & you know the fashion of yong men when they come a wooing to ancient widowes, the way to speed is to begin thus. *La.* You are very forward sir.

*John.* You would say so Lady if you knew how forward I would be: but Madam you are rich, and by my Troth I am very poore, and I haue been as a man should say starke naught: but hee goes

*How you love me,*

for the uncertainty, and now I have a desire to mend & being in so good a way, you know how vncharitable it were in you to put mee out of it, you may make an honest man of mee, if you please you, and when thou hast made mee one, by my Troth I shall keepe my selfe, for I am a Gentle man both by the fathers side and mothers side, and though I have not the mucke of the world I have a great deale of good Loue, and I preface accept of it.

*Lady. M. Deane.*

Doe you know this Gentlemans business to me,

*Anna. Not I, believe me Madam.*

*John. I shall haue her sure why he tell you Sir, my Lady here is a comely, delicate, rich widow, & I am a honest, proper, poore young man, remembering that I am a Gentleman, now what good he may doe to her poutie, your graetie may geue her a soule perhaps M. Deane, looke you sir, it is but giuing my hand into hers, and hers into mine M. Deane, I protest before God shee hath my heart already, and with some three or foure words which I know you haue by rote, make vs two my Lady and I, one all death vs depart.*

*Lady. This Gentleman thinks that to be a matter of nothing, But doe you loue me as you doe profess?*

*John. Loue you Madam loue you by this hand: I shall haue her sure, friends you see how the business goes forward, bring me your bills to morrow morning, or vpon the hope that I shall see you may loue them with me, I shall be able to discharge. Ha ha, Iacke.*

*Ladie. How will you maintaine me Sir, if I should marry you?*

*John. Maintainie, what needst thou aske that question? Foote thou hast maintenance enough for thee and thod. If I should marry you Friends, you see how it goes now, to morrow within an houre after I am married, I must take the vpper hand of my Vnck, and the next Sunday I that was scarce worthy to sit in the Bellie, the Church wardens fetch me, and seat me in the Chancel.*

*Lady. M. Deane, I protest, neuer since I was widow, neuer did man make so much loue to me.*

*Sir,*

~~you know the way~~

Sir for your love, I am much beholding to you.

*Job.* Doe *Mist*, prettise doe not thinke it fit, be chosen one of the common Counsell, or one of the Masters of the Hospitall, so perhaps I shall neuer become it, marrie if I should bee chosen one of the Masters of Bride-wen, for some of my old acquaintance; but, I would take it upon me, vice must be corrected, vice must be corrected.

*La. Ram.* Fill me a large cup full of Hippocriss,  
And bring me hither 20.li. in gold.

*John.* And one of your husbands Luttery Gownes, so how you trouble your selfe so much, that gold is to contract w<sup>th</sup> all: a simple morning: Friends, you cannot bear me downe with your bills. M. Deane of Poules I pray you stay and dine with me you shall not say mee nay, the othner you come, the more welcome.

*Now.* You are merry fir.

*John.* I thanke God, and all the world may see I haue no other That I am likely to be so well bestowed.

*Lady.* Sir, you shall not say the loue you shew'd to me,  
Was entertain'd but with kind curtesie:  
This for your loue, and for your health I drink.  
Pledge me.

*John.* I by my Torch *Mall* will I weare it as deepe as a well.

*Ladie.* Now for your paimes there is twentie pound in gold.  
Nay, take the Cuppe too fir, thanks for your loue:

And were my thought's bent vnto marriage,  
FATHER would with you that seeme thus wild,  
Then one that hath worie thoughts and seemes moe mild.

*John.* Foote will you not haue the men?

*Lady.* Yes, where I meane to marry any one  
And that not without Ioue.

*John.* See how a man may bee deceived: I thought I should  
haue beene sure by this time: well, though I shall not haue you  
I shall haue this with a good will.

*Ladie.* Withall my heart, and for the Loue you haue shew'd,  
With it to thrise with you euen as mine owne.

1. To Morrow shall we attend your worship.

2. Sir heere's my bill, it comes to twentie pound.

### *If you know not me,*

*John.* Friends, *Playdents* Proverbe, *The Case is altered:* and by my troth I haue learn'd you a Lesson, *Forbearance is no Acquaintance.*

*Lady.* VVhat men are these?

*John.* Faith Madam, men that haue my hand, though not for my honesty, yet for the money that I owe them.

*Lady.* What doth he owe you?

1. Fiftie pound, Madame.

*Lady.* What you?

2. A hundred Markes.

*Lady.* Ile pay you both: and sir to doe you good, To all your Creditors Ile doe the like.

*John.* That's said like a kinde wench,

And though we neuer meet againe,

We will haue one Bussie more at parting:

And now I faith I haue all my wilde oates sowne,

And if I can grow rich by the helpe of this,

Ile say I rose by Lady *Ramsies* kisse.

*Exeunt.*

### *A peale of Chambers.*

*Enter Queene, Hunsdon, Leicester, Drums, Colours, and Souldiers.*

*Queene.* A stand there Lords, Whence comes this sound of shot?

*Leff.* Please it your Maiestie, 't's thought the Fleet Lately discovered by your Subiect *Flemming*, Riding along the Coasts of *France* and *Dunkirke*, Is met and fought with by your Admirall.

*Queene.* Heauen prosper his proceedings; harke my Lords, Still it increaseth: Oh had God and Nature, Giuen vs proportion man-like to our mind, VVee'd not stand here senc't in a wall of Armes, But haue beene present in these Sea a larmes.

*Hans.* Your royall resolution, hath created

New

*you know no bodie.*

New spirits in your souldiers breasts, and made  
Of one man three,

*Enter a Post.*

*Queen.* Make way there, whats the newes,

*Post.* Your Royall Fleet bids battel to the Spaniards,  
VVhose number with the aduantage of the wind,  
Gives them great oddes but the vndaunted worth,  
And well knowne valour of your Admirall,  
*Sir Francis Drake*, and *Martin Furbisher*  
Gives vs assured hope of victorie.

*Queen.* VVhere did the royall Nauies first incounter?

*Post.* From Douer Clifles we might discerne them ioyne,  
But such a cloud of smoke inuiron'd them,  
VVe could discouer nought of their proceedings:  
For the great Spanish Fleet had wind and Tide,  
God and good hearts stand on your Graces side.

*Queen.* Ther's for thy newes: he that first lent me breath,  
Stand in the right of wrong'd *Elizabeth*.

*Ommes.* God and his Angels, for *Elizabeth*.

*Enter another Poste.*

*Queen.* VVelcome a Gods name, what's the newes my friend,  
Alas, good man: his lookes speakes for his tongue.  
How stands the sea-fight.

*Post.* Much contrarious.

The Spanish Fleet cast in a warlike Ranke  
Like a halfe Moone, or to a full bent bow,  
Wait for aduantage: when amongst the rest  
*Sir Martin Furbisher* blinded with smoke,  
And fix'd in heart with emulating honour,  
Gaue the proud Spaniard a broad side of shot:  
But being within the compasse of their danger,  
The distant corners of the gripled Fleet  
Circled him round: this valiant *Furbisher*,  
With all his braue and gallant followers,  
Are soulded in deaths armes.

*Queen.* If he Survive,  
He shall be nobly ransomed: If he die,  
He liues an honour to his Nation,

*How*



How fares our Admirall

*Pos.* Brauely he fights,

Directs with iudgement and with heedfull care,

Offends the Foe: England nere brod

Men that as yet fight better managed

*Queen.* I cheer my blood and if my God be pleased

For some neglected duty in our selfe

To punish vs with losse of them at sea

His will be done: yet will we pray for them

If they returne, our selfe will be the first

Will bid them welcome: what sayes valiant *Leicester*

Thou wilt not leaue me while thou dost thou looke pale?

What sayes olde *Hunsdon*? nay he speake thy part

Thy hand old Lord, I am sure I haue thy heart.

*Huns.* Both hand and hart.

*A noise within crying a French bet.*

*Enter a Captaine.*

*Queen.* Then let both heart and hand,

Be brauely vs'd in honour of our Land.

Before thou speakest take that if he be dead,

A Queene will see his Funerall honoured.

*Cap.* VVhen the foes ships

Had grasp't his ships within a steely girdle,

The valiant Captaine ouer-charge'd with her,

Hauing no roome for cowardize or leaue,

Gaue all his ordinance a gallant charge,

Cheer'd vp his souldiers, man'd vp his fights,

And standing bare-head, brauely on the decke,

When dangerous shot as thicke as April haile

Dropt by his eares, he waied his war-like sword,

And with a bold defiance to the foe,

The watch-word giuen, his Ordinance let flie

VVith such a furie, that it broke their ranks,

Shotter'd their sides and made their war-like shippes

Like drunkards reele, and tumble side to side,

But to conclude such was the will of heauen,

And

*you know my body.*

The true spirit of that Gentleman,  
That being thought hopelesse to be preserved,  
Yet in warres despies and all the Spaniards scotte,  
He brought his ship and souldiers brauely off.

*Queene.* Warres spight indeed, and we to doe him right,  
The shippes he saile in, fought in, and Warres spight.  
Now noble souldiers rouse your hearts like me,  
To noble resolution: if any here

There be that loue vs out, or harbour feare;

Wee giue him, like aild to our Campe

VVithout displeasure.

Our Armes rayle so he equall our hearts,

For with the meane they here he spend my blood,

And so to loose it seems my onely good.

A March, laed on: wee'le meet the worst can fall,

A mayden Queene will be your Generall.

*They march one way out, at the other doore enter  
Sir Francis Drake with Colours and  
Ensignes taken from the  
Spaniards.*

VVhat meane these Spannish Ensignes in the hands  
Of English Subiects?

*Drake.* Honourable Queene,

They shew that Spaniards liues are in the hands

Of Englands Soueraigne.

*Queene.* Englands God be prais'd

But prethe *Drake*, for well I knowe thy name,

And ile not be vnmindfull of thy worth:

Breefly rehearse the danger of the battle,

Till *Furber* was rescued wee haue heard.

*Drake.* The danger after that was worse than then:

Valour a both sides stroue to rise with honour,

As is a paire of Ballance once made even,



*you know no body.*

Againe we thanke you: pleaseth God we live,  
A greater recompence then thanks wee'le giue,  
*All.* Our liues, and linings for *Elizabeth.*

*Queen.* Thanks; generall thanks,  
Towards London march we to a peacefull throne,  
We wish no warres, yet we must guard our owne.

*Exeunt.*

*FINIS.*

